manet

north quincy high school

June 1934

NORTHEASTERN UNIVERSITY

DAY DIVISION

THE
SCHOOL OF ENGINEERING

In co-operation with engineering firms, offers curricula leading to the Bachelor of Science degree in the following branches of engineering:

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Mechanical Engineering
Electrical Engineering
Chemical Engineering
Industrial Engineering

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For catalog or any further information write to:

NORTHEASTERN UNIVERSITY

MILTON J. SCHLAGENHAUF, Director of Admissions

Boston, Massachusetts

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MR. JAMES S. COLLINS

To a headmaster with the fairest principles,
To a friend with the most understanding heart,
To a man with the noblest character,
We, the graduating class of 1934,
Affectionately dedicate this magazine.

May 23, 1934.

TO THE GRADUATING CLASS OF 1934:

It is always a thrilling experience to stand at the edge of the pier and watch a boat put out to sea. It is especially interesting when aboard the liner are those whom you know and for whom you are wishing a wonderful voyage. That is what I feel I am doing these days when so many boats are leaving old piers to adventure upon a voyage on the Sea of Life. That is the way I feel about the Senior Class in the North Quincy High—the very first Senior Class to leave. I am standing upon the pier with your teachers, your parents and friends, wishing you with all my heart, *Bon Voyage.*

I know that sometimes the "Sea" will be calm and beautiful and you can find no words in which to express your joy and happiness as you sail in the sunlight and the moonlight. I know, too, that sometimes it will be dull and grey and you will find it difficult to be cheerful and hopeful. Sometimes you will encounter storms. They may even be fierce storms with the crash of thunder and the flash of lightning that will make it hard for you to hold steady. But as I think of you boys and girls I met in the North Quincy High School, I do not fear for you. You have been a class with fine spirit. You have shown courtesy. You have worked. You have kept the welfare of the school in mind and most of you have been truthful and loyal to high ideals. You should have a splendid voyage. I know you will if you watch for the beacon lights that you have been taught can guide you. As I see you go, you can hear me saying:

"Fear not each sudden sound and shock,
'Tis of the wave, and not the rock:
'Tis but the flapping of a sail
And not a rent made by the gale!
In spite of rock and tempests roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith, triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee—are all with thee!"

From "The Republic"
By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Your friend,

Margaret Slattery.

Class Officers

RUSSELL URQUHART
President
MARJOREY C. HAYES
Secretary

RITA DARLING
Vice-President
KENNETH T. DOWD
Treasurer

WILLIAM J. SULLIVAN

Bill Sullivan—carefree, smiling—a clever athlete—a friendly classmate—a gentleman Bill has passed on, yet we, his classmates, shall long remember his happy, ready smile.

Harold G. Acker

51 Amesbury St., Montclair
Traffic Squad, '32, '33
Cafeteria Squad, '33
M. I. T.

Pauline E. Am-Rhein
"Paul"

273 Billings Road, Wollaston
Girls' Club, '34; Traffic Squad, '32; Cafeteria Squad, '33
Nurse

Janet W. Adair

27 Newbury Ave., North Quincy
Girls' Club, '33, '34; Manet Staff '32, '33, '34; Glee Club, '33, '34; Traffic Squad, '33; Honor Roll, '33, '34; Cheer leader, '33, '34.
School of Journalism

Eleanor L. Anderson
"El"

249 Safford St., Wollaston
Girls' Club, '33, '34

James B. Aitken
"Jim"

200 Farrington St., Wollaston
Varsity Soccer, '33; Traffic, '32, '33, '34; Cafeteria Squad, '33

Elizabeth A. Andros
"Jahn"

78 Chapman St., Wollaston
Girls' Club, '33; Vice-President, '34; Class Play, '34; Cheer Leader, '33, '34; Athletic Association, '32; Secretary, '33; Honor Roll, '32
Simmons College

Elva M. Aitkens

33 Montclair Ave., No. Quincy
Girls' Club, '33, '34; Honor Roll, '33, '34
P. G.—Simmons College

Natalie D. Archer
"Nat"

581 Quincy Shore Drive,
North Quincy
Varsity Basketball, '32, '33; Girls' Club, '32; Student Council, '33; Vice-President, '32; Cafeteria Squad, '33; Vice-President of Class, '32, '33
Burroughs

James A. Allan
"Red"

196 Farrington St., Wollaston
Varsity Soccer, '32, '33; Class Play, '34; Cafeteria Squad, '32, '33; High Honor Roll, '32; Honor Roll, '32
Insurance

E. Maude Armstrong
"Modie"

20 Cummings Ave., Wollaston
Girls' Club, '33, '34; Glee Club, '32, '33, '34; Class Play Committee, '34

Elizabeth P. Atkinson
"Betty"

87 Botolph St., North Quincy
Girls' Club, '32, '33, '34; Glee Club, '32; Cafeteria Squad, '33
Business School

Charles L. Birmingham
"Charlie"

65 French St., Norfolk Downs
Student Council, '32; Varsity Soccer, '32; Traffic Squad, '32, '33; Cafeteria Squad, '32, '33

Clifford R. Austin
"Cliff"

397 Beale St., Wollaston
Varsity Golf, '33

Hazel M. Borne

25 Willet St., Wollaston
Manet Staff, '32, '33, '34; Cafeteria Squad, '33; Honor Roll, '33; High Honor Roll, '32; Prize-Manet Short Story Contest, '33; Scholarship for Bates College, '34
Bates College

Elizabeth H. Balcom

20 Vane St., Norfolk Downs
Manet Staff, '32, '33, '34; Glee Club, '32, '33; Class Play, '34; Ring Committee, 34; Honor Roll, '34; Scholarship, '34; Prize-Manet Short Story Contest, '33
Massachusetts General Art

Eleanor W. Borst

94 Edwin St., North Quincy
Girls' Club, '33, '34; Honor Roll, '32, '33, '34
P. G.

Rita J. Barker

99 Sharon Road, No. Quincy
Girls' Club, '33, '34; Cafeteria Squad, '33
Designer's Art School

H. Virginia Bowles
"Ginger"

27 Dorchester St., Squantum
Girls' Club, '33, '34
Business School

Richard C. Baxter
"Dick"

214 Newbury Ave., No. Quincy
Traffic Squad, '31, '32
Boston University

Henry P. Bradley
"Brad"

20 Small St., Montclair
Traffic Squad, '32, '33, '34; Cafeteria Squad, '32, '33

Virginia M. Broadbent
"Jini"

144 Hollis Ave., Norfolk Downs
Girls' Club, '33, '34; Traffic Squad, '33; Cafeteria Squad, '33
Lesley School

Charles E. Burrows
"Charlie"

68 Farrington St., Wollaston
Traffic Squad, '32; Cafeteria Squad, '32; Treasurer of Moving Picture Operators Club, '32

Freda M. Brooks

474 Hancock St., Wollaston
Girls' Club, '33, '34; Glee Club, '32, '33

William F. Butterworth
"Bill"

83 Conant Road, North Quincy
Varsity Football, '32, '33; Traffic Squad, '32, '33, '34; Cafeteria Squad, '32, '33
Northeastern

Richard C. Brown
"Bud"

38 Holyoke St., North Quincy
Manet Staff, '34; Traffic Squad, '32; Cafeteria Squad, '32; High Honor Roll, '32; Honor Roll, '33

Charles S. Calderwood
"Chick"

186 Norfolk St., Wollaston
Varsity Wrestling, '32, '33, 34; Hi-Y Club, '32, '33, '34; Glee Club, '32; Traffic Squad, '32, '33, '34; Cafeteria Squad Captain, '32-33, '34; Three letters for Wrestling
Landscape Gardener

Richard E. Broydrick
"Dick"

31 Seaway Road, Squantum
Varsity Track, '34; Varsity Soccer, '33; Varsity Baseball, '33; Traffic Squad, '33; Cafeteria Squad, '33, 34

Russell H. Carlson
"Russ"

72 Pratt Road, Squantum
University of Sorbonne

Walter L. Bryan
"Cap"

193 Arlington St., Wollaston
Varsity Football, '32, '33; Varsity Basketball, '32, '33, '34; Varsity Wrestling, '32; Varsity Baseball, '32, '33; Hi-Y Club, '33, '34; Varsity Club, '34; Picture Committee, '34; Traffic Squad, '32, '33, '34; Cafeteria Squad, '32, '33; Athletic Council, '33; Varsity Follies, '34; So. Shore All-Star Football Team, '32, '33

Helen L. Carroll
"Len"

27 Myrtle St., North Quincy
Girls' Club, '33, '34; Traffic Squad, '32; Honor Roll, '32, '33, '34
Boston University

Albert B. Chapman
"Chappie"
201 Beach St., Wollaston
Traffic Squad, '33, '34; Cafeteria Squad, '32, '33, '34

Marie G. Cooper
6 Warwick St., Wollaston
Girls' Club, '33, '34; Glee Club, '32, '33; Secretary, '34; Librarian; Traffic Squad, '32, '33; Operetta, '33
Art School

Sarah E. Chase
186 Billings St., North Quincy
Girls' Club, '33, '34; Traffic Squad, '33; Cafeteria Squad, '33; Honor Roll, '33

Ruth E. Corbett
"Ruthie"
120 Granger St., Wollaston
Girls' Club, '33, '34
Bryant & Stratton

Hazel E. Classon
"Hazzy"
401 Beale St., Wollaston
Cafeteria Squad, '32

Joseph J. Costello
"Jessie"
50 Warwick St., North Quincy
Hi-Y Club, '32, '33, '34; Manet Staff, '34; Glee Club, '33, 34; High Honor Roll, '34; Varsity Soccer, '33; Class Play, '34; Ring Committee, '34; Class Play Committee, '34; Traffic Squad, '32, '33, '34; Prize—Manet Literary Contest; Operetta, '33
Harvard University

Marjorie E. Cleary
"Midge"
108 Phillips St., Wollaston
Girls' Club, '33, '34; Traffic Squad, '32; Cafeteria Squad, '33; High Honor Roll, '34; Honor Roll, '33, '34
Simmons College

Adelaide J. Coupal
"Addie"
30 Amesbury St., Montclair
Girls' Club, '33, '34; Glee Club, '32, '33
Dancing

Richard A. Cooke
"Cracker"
33 Hollis Ave., Norfolk Downs
Varsity Basketball, '32, '33; Acting Captain, '34; Varsity Club, '34; Varsity Golf, '33, '34; Traffic Squad, '33, '34; Cafeteria Squad, '32; Honor Roll, '32; Varsity Follies, '34

Edward F. Cragin
"Eddie"
33 Hollis Ave., North Quincy
Hi-Y Club, '33, '34; Varsity Baseball, '32; Reception Committee, '34; Traffic Squad, '32; Cafeteria Squad, '33, '34; Honor Roll, '34; Head Cheer Leader, '32, '33, '34

Anna E. Cummings
10 South Central Ave., Wollaston
Girls' Club, '33, '34; Manet Staff, Editor-in-Chief, '32, '33, '34; Traffic Squad, '33; Cafeteria Squad, '33; High Honor Roll, '32, '34; Honor Roll, '33, '34; Blue and Gold Award, '32, '33
Chamberlain

Margaret H. Deering
"Peg"
195 Atlantic St., North Quincy
Varsity Basketball, '32, '33, '34; Varsity Track, '32, 33; Tennis Team, '33; Girls' Club, '33, '34; Manet Staff, '32, '33, '34; Varsity Soccer, '33; Varsity Baseball, '32; Class Gift Committee, '34; Traffic Squad, '32, '34; Reporters' Club, '32, '33, '34; Manager of Basketball Team, '33
Business School

Judith L. Dahl
"Judie"
23 Young St., North Quincy

Oliver N. Deering
195 Atlantic St., North Quincy
Traffic Squad, '34

Dorothy M. Damon
"Dot"
188 Elliot Ave., Montclair
Girls' Club, '34

Marion T. Dillon
18 Montclair Ave., Montclair

Rita Darling
106 Holmes St., North Quincy
Varsity Basketball, '32, Captain, '33, '34; Varsity Track, '33, '34; Girls' Club, '33, '34; Student Council, '34; Intermural Soccer, '33; Traffic Squad, '34; Vice-Pres., Athletic Council, '33; Vice-Pres. of Class; Valentine Dance Committee; Tennis Team
Boston University

Elizabeth J. Donna
"Betty"
25 Dinsmore St., North Quincy
Varsity Basketball, '32, '33, '34; Letter, '33

Richard E. Dayhoff
"Dixie"
277 Billings Road, Wollaston
Varsity Soccer, '32
Northeastern

Anne Donovan
29 Cheriton Road, Wollaston
Girls' Club, '32, '33, '34; Glee Club, '32, '33, '34; Class Play, '34; Class Play Committee, '34; Traffic Squad, '32; Honor Roll, '32; Lead in Operetta "Magic Maker," '32; Lead in Christmas Play "Madonna," '32; Lead in Operetta "Pepita," '33

Marie A. Donovan

133 Billings Road, No. Quincy
Girls' Club, '33, '34; Traffic Squad, '32, '33; Cafeteria Squad, '33; Honor Roll, '34
Burdett College

Joseph P. Dowling
"Joe"

129 Beale St., Wollaston
Varsity Club, '33, '34; Varsity Soccer, '34; Traffic Squad, '32, '33, '34; Cafeteria Squad, '33; Honor Roll, '34; Varsity Follies, '34

Frances M. Doucette
"Frog"

50 Standish Road, Squantum
Girls' Club, '33, '34; Glee Club, '32
Dietetics School

Frank A. Dreyer
"Dizzer"

99 Hamilton Ave., Montclair
Varsity Basketball, '32, '33, '34; Traffic Squad, '32, '33, '34

Russell J. Doucette
"Baron"

50 Standish Road, Squantum
Wrestling, '33

Helen N. Driscoll

116 Billings Road, No. Quincy
Girls' Club, '33, '34
Business School

Kenneth T. Dowd
"Kenney"

40 Division St., Montclair
Varsity Basketball, '33, '34; Hi-Y Club, '33, '34; Varsity Club, '34; Manet Staff, '32, '33, '34; Traffic Squad, '32, '33; Cafeteria Squad, '32; Treasurer of '34 Class; Valentine Dance Committee
Newspaper Work

Elizabeth O. Drummond
"Betty"

232 Billings Road, Wollaston
Girls' Club, '34; Student Council, '32; Cafeteria Squad, '33

L. Frank Dowding

10 Wadsworth St., No. Quincy
Orchestra, '32, '33, '34; Traffic Squad, '32, '33; Cafeteria Squad, '32, '33; Honor Roll, '33, '34; New England High School Festival Orchestra
M. I. T.

Margaret R. Duncan

116 Glover Ave., North Quincy
Orchestra, '32, '33; Honor Roll, '32
Business College

Doris L. Eagles
"Dot"
128 E. Squantum St., No. Quincy
Girls' Club, '33, '34; Drum Major, '34; Traffic Squad, '33; Cafeteria Squad, '32, '33, '34

Mildred M. Elliot
"Mil"
55 Exeter St., Wollaston
Girls' Club, '33, '34; Traffic Squad, '33; Cafeteria Squad, '33; Honor Roll, '32, '33, '34; Reporters' Club, '32
Katherine Gibbs Secretarial School

P. G.
Robert J. Eberts
"Bob"
85 Cummings Ave., Wollaston
Traffic Squad, '32, '33, '34; Honor Roll, '32, '33
Mass. Nautical Training School

Marjorie D. Engley
"Nomi"
146 Harriet Ave., Montclair
Girls' Club, '33; Varsity Baseball, '32; Typewriting Medals

Marjorie Edwards
"Margie"
387 Beale St., Wollaston
Girls' Club, '33, '34; Reporters' Club, '32, '33; Honor Roll, '32, '33, '34
University of Illinois

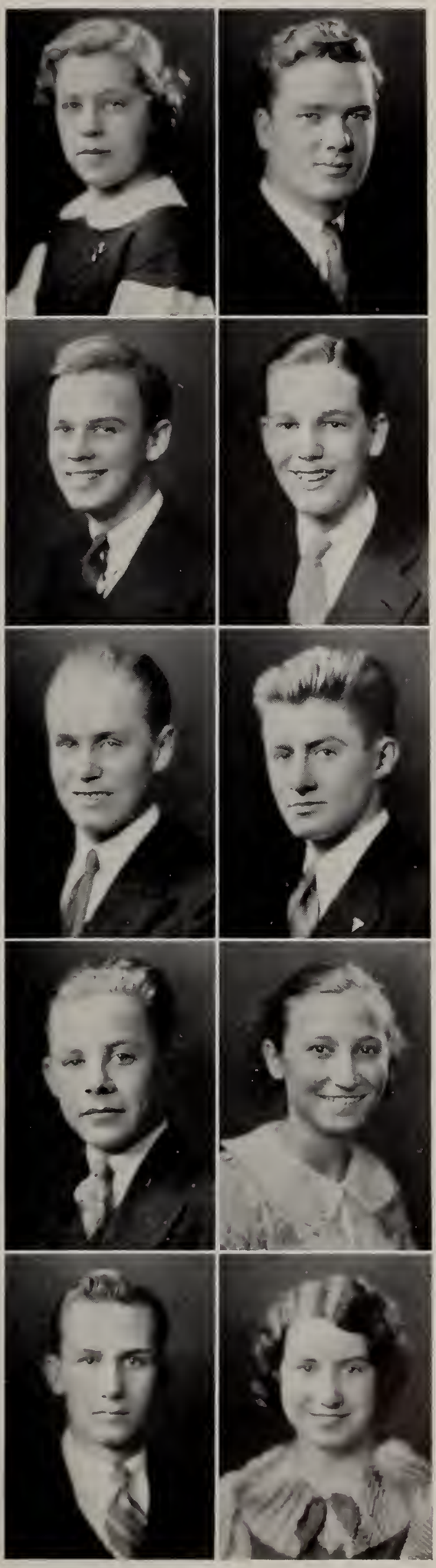
Noyes D. Farmer
71 Marlboro St., Wollaston
Manet Staff, '34; Class Play, '34; High Honor Roll, '33, '34; Honor Roll, '33; Traffic Squad, '33; Class Day Committee Chairman, '34
Tufts College

Pauline F. Ekdahl
22 Tyler St., Norfolk Downs
Girls' Club, '33, '34; Manet Staff, '34; Orchestra, '32, '33, '34
Nurse

Emory H. Farrington
391 Beale St., Wollaston
Hi-Y Club, '33, '34; Traffic Squad, '33, '34; Cafeteria Squad, '33, '34; Honor Roll, '33, '32
Boston University

R. Carol Ekstrom
17 Eustis St., Wollaston
Girls' Club Treasurer, '33, '34; Orchestra, '32, '33; Class Play, '34; Reception Committee, '34; Cafeteria Squad, '33; Honor Roll, '32, '33

Thomas M. Ferris
"Tom"
87 Tyler St., Wollaston
Wrestling Manager, '33; Hi-Y Club, '32, '33, '34; Varsity Club, '33, '34; Manet Advertising Staff, '33; Varsity Soccer, '32, '33; Captain Traffic Squad, '32, '33, '34; Cafeteria Squad, '32, '33
Amherst College



Hazel P. Fleming
69 Royal St., Wollaston

Richard C. Gould
"Dick"
57 Royal St., Wollaston
Varsity Track, '34; Hi-Y Club, '32, '33, '34; Band, '33, '34; Traffic Squad, '32, '33, '34; Cafeteria Squad, '33, '34

P. Lincoln Foster
"Linc"
257 Belmont St., Wollaston
Hi-Y Club, '33, '34; Glee Club, '34; Band, '34; Class Play, 34; Traffic Squad, '32, '34
Wheaton College

Edwin P. Graham
"Eddie"
37 Bromfield St., Wollaston
Traffic Squad, '32; Cafeteria Squad, '32

Donald F. Freestone
"Don"
5 Winslow Road, Squantum
Varsity Football, '32, '33; Traffic Squad, '32, '33, '34; Cafeteria Squad, '32, '33, '34
Forest Service

James L. Guilmartin
"Jimmy"
15 Calumet St., Wollaston
Hi-Y Club Sec., '32, '33, '34; Manet Staff, '33, '34; Varsity Baseball, '32, '33, '34; Class Play, '34; Class Play Committee, '34; Traffic Squad Captain, '32, '33, '34; Cafeteria, '32, '33, '34; Second Prize in City Essay Contest, '34
Boston College

Albert L. Frost
"Al"
77 Hamden Circle, Wollaston
Varsity Wrestling, '32; Class Play Committee; Traffic Squad, '32; Honor Roll, '33
Fore River Shipyard

Rosina Guzzi
"Rosi"
243 Arlington St., Wollaston
Girls' Club, '33, '34; Cafeteria Squad, '33; Honor Roll, '33, '34
State Teachers' College, Bridgewater

William J. Gardiner
"Bill"
101 Rawson Road, Wollaston
Varsity Football, '33; Varsity Track, '34; Hi-Y Club, '32, '33, '34; Varsity Soccer, '32; Traffic Squad, '33; '34; Cafeteria Squad, '33, '34
U. S. Coast Guard Academy

Martha Haddow
219 Newbury Ave., No. Quincy
Girls' Club, '33, '34; Orchestra, '32, '33, '34; Honor Roll, '32
Business School

Vincent H. Hanson
"Vin"

14 Aberdeen Road, Squantum
Track, '33; Varsity Soccer, '32; Traffic Squad, '32; Cafeteria Squad, '32, '33, Honor Roll, '32

Barbara M. Hill

72 Newbury Ave, No. Quincy
Girls' Club, '33, '34; Glee Club, '33
Wilfred Academy

Phyllis E. Hatch
"Phyl"

98 Phillips St., Wollaston
Girls' Club, '33, '34; Traffic Squad, '32, '33
Katherine Gibbs School

Norma E. Hill

56 Willett Street, Wollaston
Cafeteria Squad, '32
State Teachers' College, Framingham

Marjorey C. Hayes
"Marge"

40 Farrington St., No. Quincy
Girls' Club, '33, 34, Vice-Pres., '33; Secretary of '34 Class

Charles Y. Hitchcock, Jr.
"Charlie"

151 Fenno St., Wollaston
Hi-Y Club Treasurer, '33, '34
Dartmouth College

Yvonne A. T. Hayes
"Hayesey"

42 Vane St., North Quincy
Girls' Club, '32, '33, '34; Traffic Squad, '32
Wheelock School

Valerie F. Hoagland

37 Faxon Road, North Quincy
Honor Roll, '33
Katherine Gibbs School

Richard C. Hedin
"Dick"

225 Holbrook Road, No. Quincy
Varsity Golf, '33; Traffic Squad, '33, '34; Cafeteria Squad, '34

Mary R. Hoffman

289 Beach St., Wollaston
Girls' Club, '32, '33; High Honor Roll, '32

Carl J. Holmann

32 Rawson Road, North Quincy
Varsity Track, '32, '33; Hi-Y Club Treasurer, '32; Traffic Squad, '32; Cafeteria Squad, '33

M. Pauline Hopey

6 Warwick Street, Wollaston
Girls' Club President, '33; Picture Committee, '34; Class Sec., '33
Nurses Training School

Catherine Horton
"Kay"

2 Williams St., North Quincy
Girls' Club, '33, '34; High Honor Roll, '32, '33, '34; Cafeteria Squad, '33; Honor Roll, '32, '33, '34
Colby Jr. College

D. Frances Hughes
"Frannie"

599 Hancock St., Wollaston
Girls' Club, '33, '34; Traffic Squad, '32, '33; Cafeteria Squad, '32, Honor Roll, '34
Burdett College

Mary E. Hughes
"Hughesie"

65 Conant Road, No. Quincy
Girls' Club, '33, President, '34; Student Council, '34; Intramural Soccer, '34; Class Play, '34; Traffic Squad, '33; Girls' Club Play, '34; Honor Roll, '34
Vesper George Art School

Margaret E. Hunt
"Peggy"

32 Green St., Wollaston
Girls' Club, '33, '34; Traffic Squad, '32; Cafeteria Squad, '33; Honor Roll, '34
Colby Jr. College

Arlon L. Hussey

265 Quincy Shore Drive, North Quincy
Varsity Wrestling Captain, '32; '33, '34; Hi-Y Club, Vice-Pres., '32, '33, '34; Varsity Club, '34; Manet Staff, '33; Student Council, '32, '33; Traffic Squad, '32, '33; Cafeteria Squad, '32, '33; Honor Roll, '32

Dorothy G. Hutchinson
"Dot"

187 Wilson Ave., Wollaston
Girls' Club, '33, '34; Traffic Squad, '33; Honor Roll, '33

Thomas L. Hutson
"Tom"

138 Franklin Ave., Wollaston
Traffic Squad, '33

Milton R. Irving
"Bob"

86 Henry St., North Quincy

Paul Jenkins
303 Beale St., Wollaston
Hi-Y Club, '32, '33, '34; Orchestra, '32; Band, '34; Traffic Squad, '33, '32, '34
Agricultural School

Robert B. Keith
"Bob"
207 Safford St., Wollaston
Manet Staff, '32; Glee Club, '32, '34; Orchestra, '32, '33, '34; Band, '32, '33, '34; Traffic Squad, '32, '33, '34; Cafeteria Squad, '33; Honor Roll, '32, '33, '34
Worcester Polytechnic Institute

Walter F. Joly
57 Gay St., Quincy Center
Varsity Football, '33, '34; Varsity Basketball, '32, '33, '34; Hi-Y Club, '33, '34; Varsity Club Pres., 34; Varsity Soccer, '32; Traffic Squad, '33; Cafeteria Squad, '33

Richard G. Kendall
"Dick"
206 Highland Ave., Wollaston
Squad Squad, '34; Cafeteria Squad, '33, '34
Boston Institute of Advertising

A. Constance Josselyn
"Connie"
25 Cummings Ave., Wollaston
Girls' Club, '33, Sec., '34; Glee Club, '32, '33, '34

Ruth E. Kennedy
"Sunshine"
93 Glover Ave., North Quincy
Girls' Club, '33, '34; Glee Club, '33; Orchestra, '32, '33, '34; Honor Roll, '34; New England Music Festival Orchestra
Business School

J. Fred Josselyn
"Jossy"
25 Cummings Ave., Wollaston
Varsity Basketball, '32, '33; Varsity Wrestling, '32; Hi-Y Club, '33, '34; Varsity Soccer, '32; Varsity Baseball, '32, '33; Traffic Squad, '32, '33, '34; Cafeteria Squad, '32, '33

Charles C. King
"Charlie"
139 Fayette St., Wollaston
Traffic Squad, '33, '34
M. I. T.

Joseph R. Joyce
42 Tyler St., Norfolk Downs
Class Play, '34; Class Day Committee, '34; Traffic Squad, '33, '34; Cafeteria Squad, '32, '33, '34
Boston College

Donald B. Knowles
"Draper"
34 Royal St., North Quincy
Varsity Track, '32, '33; Glee Club, '32, '33, '34; Orchestra, '32, '33; Band, '34; Operetta, '33; Traffic Squad, '32; Cafeteria Squad, '33

Marguerite E. Knowles
"Peggy"
11 Greenwood Ave., Wollaston
Girls' Club, '33, '34; Glee Club, '32, '33, '34; Honor Roll, '32, '33
Skidmore College

Helen E. Leary
110 Wilson Ave., Wollaston
Girls' Club, '33, '34; Traffic Squad, '32; Honor Roll, '34
Boston University

Wyllian F. Krause
53 Sharon Road, North Quincy
Girls' Club, '34; Glee Club, '32, '33, '34; Honor Roll, '32, '33, '34; Middleboro Girls' Club, '32, '33
Boston University

Harriet Leavitt
17 Ocean St., North Quincy
Varsity Basketball, '32, '33, '34; Girls' Club, '32, '33, '34; Traffic Squad, '32, '33; Cafeteria Squad, '33
Burroughs

Marjorie E. Lanigan
"Marge"
98 Highland Ave., Wollaston
Girls' Club, '33, '34; Girls' Club Play, '34; Intra-mural Soccer, '34

Alma C. Libby
167 Norfolk St., Wollaston
Girls' Club, '33, '34; Reporters' Club, '32, '34; Honor Roll, '32, '33, '34
Simmons College

Elinor L. Lawton
164 Davis St., Wollaston
Girls' Club, '34; Glee Club, '33; Traffic Squad, '32, '33; Honor Roll, '34
Katherine Gibbs School

Ethel S. Little
114 Faxon Road, No. Quincy
Girls' Club, '32, '33, '34; Honor Roll, '32, 33
Business School

Philip Leadbetter
"Phil"
17 Oak St., Atlantic
Varsity Football, '33, '34; Varsity Basketball, '32, '33, '34; Hi-Y Club, '32, '33, '34; Varsity Club Treasurer, '34; Varsity Soccer, '32; Varsity Baseball, '32, '33; Class Play, '34; Picture Committee Chairman, '34; Traffic Squad, '32, '33, '34; Cafeteria Squad, '32, '33; Varsity Follies, '34

M. Constance MacArthur
"Connie"
80 Tyler St., Wollaston
Girls' Club, '34; Class Day Committee, '34
Nurse

Mabel C. MacDonald

177 Billings Road, No. Quincy
Girls' Club, '33, '34; Manet Advertising Manager, '33; Ring Committee, '34; Honor Roll, '34; Valentine Dance Committee; Prize, Manet Story Contest
Vesper George School of Art

Malcolm A. MacDougall
"Mal"

74 Holbrook Road, Wollaston
Manet Advertising Staff, '32, '33, '34; Traffic Squad, '32, '33, '34; Cafeteria Squad, '32, '33; Honor Roll, '32, '33, '34
Bentley's School of Accounting

George W. Maibach
"Gidge"

49 Tyler St., Norfolk Downs
Varsity Wrestling, '34; Hi-Y Club, '34; Traffic Squad, '32, '33, '34; Cafeteria Squad, '32; '33, '34; Cheer Leader, '34; Honor Roll, '34
Boston College

Madeline E. Mara

22 Warwick St., Wollaston
Girls' Club, '33, '34
Office Work

William D. Marland
"Bill"

343 E. Squantum St.,
North Quincy
Boston University

Harry J. Maxwell
"Micky"

28 Glover Ave., North Quincy
Varsity Wrestling, '34; Cafeteria Squad, 34
Entering Priesthood

Lawrence A. McCarthy
"Larry"

27 Carle Road, Wollaston
Varsity Football, '32; Varsity Basketball, '32, '33, '34; Hi-Y Cub, '32, '33, '34; Glee Club, '32; Athletic Council, '32; Student Council, '32; Varsity Baseball, '32; Class Play, '34; Class Gift Committee, '34; Traffic Squad, '32, '33, '34; Cafeteria Squad, '32, '33; Blue and Gold Letters, '32, '33
University of New Hampshire

James E. McCauley
"Mac"

86 Belmont St., Wollaston
Varsity Wrestling, '32, '33; Traffic Squad, '32, '33, '34; Cafeteria Squad, '32, '33, '34

Russell H. McGue
"Russ"

23 Calumet St., Wollaston
Varsity Baseball, '34

Willis F. McGue
"Willie"

23 Calumet St., Wollaston
Traffic Squad, '32; Cafeteria Squad, '33

Catherine F. McLean
"Kay"

157 Fayette St., Wollaston
Girls' Club, '33, '34; Traffic Squad, '32
Vesper George School of Art

Ralph H. Mettler
"Mett"

49 Vassall St., Wollaston
Varsity Football, '32, '33, '34; Varsity Basketball, '32; Varsity Track, '34; Varsity Wrestling, '32, '33, '34; Hi-Y Club, '32, '33, '34; Varsity Club, '34, '33; Traffic Squad, '32, '33, '34; Cafeteria Squad, '32, '33; Football Sweater and Gold Football; Letters, '32, '33
Bowdoin College

Lucille A. McMahon

18 Ridgeway St., Wollaston
Orchestra, '32
Faelton School of Pianoforte

Ruth C. Miles
"Ruthie"

29 Randlett St., Wollaston
Girls' Club, '34; Cafeteria Squad, '34; High Honor Roll, '32, '33; Honor Roll, '34
Business College

Margaret T. McNeice
"Peggy"

27 Holmes St., North Quincy
Girls' Club, '33, '34
Business School

George A. Mitchell
"Te"

60 No. Central Ave., Wollaston
Varsity Football, '33, Captain, '34; Varsity Basketball, Captain '32, '33, '34; Hi-Y Club, '32, '33, 34; Varsity Club, '34; Varsity Soccer, '32; Varsity Baseball, '32, '33, '34; Traffic Squad, '32, '33, '34; Cafeteria Squad, '32, '33; Honor Roll, '32; Varsity Follies; South Short All-Star Football Team; Sweater for Football

Thomas H. McPartlin
"Duffy"

89 Fayette St., Montclair
Varsity Soccer, '33; Traffic Squad, '32, '33; Cafeteria Squad, '32, '33
M. I. T.

George H. Mitchell
"Mitch"

3 Clement Terrace, Montclair
Traffic Squad, '32, '33; Cafeteria Squad, '32, '33

Joseph T. McWeeny

76 Tyler Street, Wollaston
Varsity Football, '32, '33; Varsity Basketball, '32; Varsity Track, '34; Hi-Y Club, '32, '33, '34; Varsity Club, '33, '34; Student Council President '34, '32, '33; Reception Committee Chairman, '34; Traffic Squad, '32, '33; Cafeteria Squad, '32, '33; Two Letters, Football Sweater, President of Class, '32; President of Athletic Council, '32, '33
Prep School

Eleanor S. Moe
"Ellie"

144 Brook St., Wollaston
Girls' Club, '33, '34; Girls' Club Play, '34
Art School

Ruth M. Mooney
10 Sterling St., Montclair
Girls' Club, '33, '34; Traffic Squad, '32; Cafeteria Squad, '32

Muriel E. Nelson
69 Kemper St., Wollaston
Girls' Club, '33, '34; Traffic Squad, '32; Cafeteria Squad, '32
Prep. School

George F. Moore
"Dinty"
11 Willett Street, Wollaston
Manet Staff, '33; Class Play Committee, '34; Traffic Squad, '32; Cafeteria Squad, '32, '33

Robert K. Nelson
"Bob"
15 Phillips St., Wollaston
Glee Club, '32, '33, '34; Cafeteria Squad, '34; Honor Roll, '33, '34; Lead in Operetta "Pepita," '33

Robert D. Mullin
"Bob"
495 Hancock Street, Wollaston
Varsity Baseball, '34; Traffic Squad, '32, '33, '34

Effie M. Newell
33 Royal St., Wollaston
Girls' Club, '32, '33

Helen G. Murray
17 Marion St., Wollaston
Girls' Club, '33, '34
Business School

Edith Nicholl
"Edie"
43 Davis St., Wollaston
Ring Committee, '33

Arthur W. Nelson, Jr.
"Bat"
17 Oak Ave., North Quincy
Varsity Football, '32, '33; Varsity Basketball, '32, '33, '34; Hi-Y Club, '32, '33, '34; Varsity Club, '34; Student Council, '32, '33; Varsity Baseball, '32, '33; Traffic Squad, '32, '33, '34; Cafeteria Squad, '32, '33, '34
Springfield College

Warren J. Nicholson
"Nick"
114 Montclair Ave., Montclair
Varsity Wrestling, '32, '33; Varsity Soccer, '32; Traffic Squad, '32, '33; Cafeteria Squad, '32, '33, '34
Lowell Institute

Doris M. Noble
"Dot"

14 Sterling St., Montclair
Girls' Club, '34; Cafeteria Squad, '33

Betty Parmenter

24 Holyoke St., North Quincy
Intra-mural Basketball, '32; Girls' Club, '33, '34; Student Council, '32; Intra-mural Soccer, '34; Class Play, '34; Cafeteria Squad, '33; Honor Roll, '32; Athletic Council, '32
Simmons College

Elizabeth M. Ogilvie

166 Fayette St., Wollaston
Manet Staff, '34; Class Play, '34; High Honor Roll, '32, '33, '34; Honor Roll, '33, '34

F. Kenneth Patten

97 Appleton St., North Quincy
Varsity Football, '33, '34; Varsity Basketball, '32; Varsity Wrestling, '32, '33; Captain, '34; Hi-Y Club, '33, '34; Varsity Club, '34; Varsity Soccer, '32; Baseball Manager, '33; Traffic Squad, '33, '34; Cafeteria Squad, '33, '34
Gettysburg College

Mayre D. Omeara

152 Wilson Ave., Wollaston
Girls' Club, '32, '33, '34; Manet Staff, '34; Class Play committee—Posters, '34
Vesper George Art School

Karl G. Pebler
"Peb"

19 Vassall St., Wollaston
Hi-Y Club, '34; Manet Advertising Staff, '32, '33, '34; Student Council, '32; Traffic Squad, '32, '33, '34; Cafeteria Squad, '32, '33, '34; Honor Roll, '34

Norman Pare
"Perry"

100 Montclair Ave., Montclair
Varsity Wrestling, '33; Hi-Y Club, '34; Varsity Baseball, '32, '33, '34; Traffic Squad, '32, '33; Cafeteria Squad, '32, 33; Honor Roll, '33, '34

Rosamond Perkins
"Rom"

95 Faxon Road
Honor Roll, '32
Commercial Art School

Alice H. Parmenter
"Allie"

24 Holyoke St., North Quincy
Intra-mural Basketball, '32; Girls' Club, '33, '34; Intra-mural Soccer, '33; Girls' Club Play, '34; Honor Roll, '32

G. Elmer Peterson
"Pete"

40 Belmont St., North Quincy
Varsity Track, '32, '33; Varsity Soccer, '32, '33; Traffic Squad, '33, '34; Cafeteria Squad, '32, '33, '34; Honor Roll, '33; Letter Award, '32, '33
Bentley's School of Accounting

Robert I. Phillips
"Rob"

149 Elmwood Ave., Wollaston
Hi-Y Club, '33, '34; Traffic Squad, '34
Boston University

Mary M. Ready

59 Russell St., North Quincy
Varsity Basketball, '32, '33, '34; Girls' Club, '32, '33, '34; Varsity Soccer, '32; Reception Committee, '34; Traffic Squad, '34; Cafeteria Squad, '33

Robert M. Pickett
"Bob"

53 Taylor St., Wollaston
Varsity Wrestling, '33, '34; Varsity Soccer, 33, '34; Traffic Squad, '33, '34; Cafeteria Squad, '33, '34; Honor Roll, '32, '33
Art School

Elinor J. Reilly

34 Hollis Ave., North Quincy
Varsity Basketball, '32, '33; Manet Staff, '32

George J. Porter

31 Appleton St., North Quincy
Varsity Football, '33; Varsity Wrestling, '33, '34; Traffic Squad, '33, '34; Cafeteria Squad, '33, '34; Letter, '33
Iowa State College

Paul N. Reilly
"Nobby"

34 Hollis Ave., North Quincy
Varsity Football, '32, '33; Varsity Basketball, '32, '33, '34; Varsity Club, '33, '34; Varsity Soccer, '33; Traffic Squad, '33, '34; Cafeteria Squad, '33

Fenton N. Power

79 Montclair Ave., Montclair
Varsity Football, '33, '34; Varsity Club, '33, '34; Varsity Golf, '33; Captain, '34; Traffic Squad, '32, '33; Cafeteria, '32, '33; Football Sweater; Varsity Follies

Martha F. Reynolds

51 Holmes St., Norfolk Downs
Girls' Club, '33, '34; Honor Roll, '32, '33, '34; Varsity Basketball, '32, '33
State Teachers' College

Eleanor Purchase
"Ellie"

192 Farrington St., Wollaston
Traffic Squad, '32; Cafeteria Squad, '32

John L. Richardson
"Johnny"

381 Beale St., Wollaston
Varsity Football, '32, '33; Hi-Y Club, '33, '34; Traffic Squad, '34; Cafeteria Squad, '33; Sweater for Football, '34
Norwich University

Grace E. Riley

26 Brook St., Wollaston
Girls' Club, '33, '34
Business College

William C. Ross
"Bill"

64 Hamilton Ave., Montclair
Traffic Squad, '32, '33, '34; Cafeteria Squad, '33, '34
Mass. State

June V. Ritchie

56 Holmes St., Norfolk Downs
Varsity Basketball, '32, '33; Girls' Club, '33, '34; Honor Roll, '33
Business School

Marjorie G. Rupprecht
"Midge"

36 Aberdeen St., Squantum
Girls' Club, '33; Glee Club, '32, '34; Orchestra, '32, '33, '34; Student Council, '33; Picture Committee, '34; Cafeteria Squad, '33; Honor Roll, '32
Burdett College

May D. Ritchie

56 Holmes St., Norfolk Downs
Varsity Basketball, '32, '33; Girls' Club, '33, '34; Traffic Squad, '32, '33; Cafeteria Squad, '33; Tennis Team, '33; Honor Roll, '33
Business School

Alan G. Russell
"Bud"

57 Cummings Ave., Wollaston
Traffic Squad, '32, '33; Honor Roll, '32
Merchant Marine

Gertrude E. Robertson
"Buddy"

27 Newbury St., North Quincy
Girls' Club, '32, '33; Honor Roll, '32, '33, '34; Traffic Squad, '32

Thomas W. Ryan
"Peanuts"

9 Oakridge Road, No. Quincy
Varsity Football, '32, '33; Varsity Basketball, '32, '33, '34; Hi-Y Club, '32, '33, '34; Varsity Club, '33, '34; Varsity Baseball, '33; Traffic Squad, '32, '33; Cafeteria, '32, '33; Honor Roll, '32, '33, '34; Varsity Follies; South Shore All-star Football Team; Sweater for Football, Gold Football
Duke University

Elizabeth O. Robinson
"Betty"

301 Atlantic St., North Quincy
Girls' Club, '34; Glee Club, '32

Helen M. Savage

12 Mascoma St., Wollaston
Girls' Club, '34
Bryant and Stratton

Irvine E. Schneider
16 Kendall St., North Quincy
Orchestra, '32; Band, '32, '33, '34; Traffic Squad, '32
Textile Industry

Ruth E. Shute
51 No. Central Ave., Wollaston
Girls' Club, '33, '34; Girls' Club Play, '34
Graves Designing School

Arthur Schuh
"Art"
8 Buckingham Road, Wollaston
Hi-Y Club, '32, '33, '34; Traffic Squad, '32, '33, '34; Cafeteria Squad, '32, '33; High Honor Roll, '33, '34; Honor Roll, '32, '33, '34; Letter, '33
Harvard

Susan A. Slater
"Sue"
23 Ardell St., North Quincy
Nurse

Marion M. Schwab
5 Ridgeway, Wollaston
Girls' Club, '33, '34; Traffic Squad, '33
Dietetics

Aldric J. Smith
"Smitty"
157 Safford St., Wollaston
Varsity Track, '32, '33; Manet Staff, '32, '33, '34; Varsity Soccer, '32, '33; Traffic Squad, '32, '33, '34; Cafeteria Squad, '32, '33, '34; Honor Roll, '32, '33, '34; Letter, '32, '33
Bentley's School of Accounting

Phyllis I. Seager
"Phyl"
81 Highland Ave., Wollaston
Girls' Club, '33, '34; Honor Roll, '32, '33
Secretary

Lillian M. Smith
"Lil"
40 Royal St., Wollaston
Girls' Club, '33, '34; Traffic Squad, '33; Cafeteria, '33; Honor Roll, '32, '33, '34
Vesper George School of Art

Ruth E. Shennett
"Ruthie"
114 Rawson Road, Wollaston
Girls' Club, '33, '34; Glee Club, '32, '33, '34; Operetta, '33
New England Conservatory of Music

Robert D. Smith
"Bob"
8 Winslow Road, Squantum
Varsity Football, '32, '33; Varsity Wrestling, '32, '33; Traffic Squad, '33, '34; Cafeteria Squad, '33; Honor Roll, '32, '33, '34

Ruth M. Smith
"Ruthie"

39 Elm Avenue, Wollaston
Girls' Club, '32, '33, '34; Traffic Squad, '32; Cafeteria Squad, '33
Nurse

Roy J. Strom

23 Blake St., Wollaston
Traffic Squad, '33; Cafeteria Squad, '33

William R. Spaulding, Jr.
"Bill"

145 Highland Ave., Wollaston
Hi-Y Club, '33, '34; Glee Club, '33; Traffic Squad, '32, '33, '34; Cafeteria Squad, '33, '34; Letter, '33; Operetta, '33
New Hampshire State University

Gardner B. Studley
"Stud"

240 Beach St., Wollaston
Varsity Football, '32, '33; Varsity Wrestling, '32

Clarence W. Stevens
"Steve"

224 Newbury Ave., No. Quincy
Orchestra, '32, '33, '34; Band, '33, '34; Traffic Squad, '32; Cafeteria Squad, '32, '33, '34
Northeastern University

William J. Sullivan
"Sully"

55 Bromfield St., Wollaston
Varsity Football, '34; Hi-Y Club, '33; Student Council, '34; Cafeteria Squad, '33, '34; Traffic Squad, '33, '34; Ring Committee Chairman, '34

Lorraine R. Stevens
"Tiny"

49 Arnold Road, North Quincy
Varsity Basketball, '32, '33; Girls' Club, '33, '34; Traffic Squad, '33; Cafeteria Squad, '33; Honor Roll, '32, '33, '34
Secretary

Mildred D. Swanson
"Midda"

38 Aberdeen St., Squantum
Girls' Club, '33, '34; Girls' Club Play, '34; Honor Roll, '32, '33
Nurse—Deaconess Hospital

Mabel M. Stewart

66 Lunt St., Wollaston
Girls' Club, '33, '34; Glee Club, '32, '33, '34; Traffic Squad, '32, '33; Honor Roll, '34
Finishing School

Gordon C. Taber
"Dutchy"

312 Billings Road, Wollaston
Varsity Wrestling, '32, '33; Hi-Y Club, '32, '33, '34; Manet Staff, '32, '33, '34; Glee Club, '32; Student Council, '32, '33; Varsity Soccer, '32, '33; Picture Committee, '34; Traffic Squad, '32, '33, '34; Cafeteria Squad, '32, '33, '34; Honor Roll, '32
Merchant Marine

Harry W. Taylor

83 Sharon Rd., Atlantic
Varsity Wrestling, '33, '34; Traffic Squad, '33, '34; Cafeteria Squad, '33; Captain, '34; Honor Roll, '34; School letter for Wrestling

Muriel Towle

262 Billings Road, Wollaston
Orchestra, '32, '33; Honor Roll, '34

Esther M. Thayer
"Teddy"

235 Arlington St., Wollaston
Girls' Club, '34; Glee Club, '33, '34

Arthur L. Treco
"Squeako"

72 Waterston Ave., Wollaston

William H. Thomas
"Bill"

170 Billings St., Atlantic
Orchestra, President, '32, '33; Band, '32, '33, '34; Traffic Squad, '32; Cafeteria Squad, '33
College—Orchestra Work

Russell Urquhart
"Russ"

39 Conant Road, Atlantic
Varsity Football, '33, '34; Varsity Basketball, '33; Hi-Y Club, '32, '33, '34; Varsity Club, '34; Student Council, '34; Cafeteria Squad, '32, '33; Honor Roll, '32, '33; Sweater, two school letters; President Senior Class and Hi-Y Club
N. H. University

Richard C. Tibbetts
"Dick"

56 Albion Road, Wollaston
Band, '34; Traffic Squad, '32; Cafeteria Squad, '34

Russell A. Vedoe
"Russ"

58 Cheriton Road, Wollaston
Varsity Track, '33; Manet Staff, '33; Traffic Squad, '32, '33, '34; Cafeteria Squad, '32, '34
Northeastern

John E. Tolson

116 Oxenbridge Rd., Wollaston
Cafeteria Squad, '32, '33, '34
Business School

Marjorie E. Walker
"Margie"

4 Billings St., Atlantic
Girls' Club, '33, '34

Joseph L. Watson
82 Botolph St., Atlantic
Varsity Wrestling, '32; Hi-Y Club, '33, '34; Glee Club, '32, '33; Orchestra, '32, '33; Student Council, '32, '33; High Honor Roll, '32; Honor Roll, '32; Traffic Squad, '32, '33; Cafeteria Squad, '32, '33; Medal for President Student Council, '32; Operetta, '33
Tufts

Norman W. White
"Normie"
31 Elmwood Ave., Wollaston
Varsity Track, '34; Hi-Y Club, '34; Traffic Squad, '33, '34; Cafeteria Squad, '33; Honor Roll, '32, '34
New Hampshire University

Janette G. Watt
24 Gordon St., North Quincy

Eleanor M. Whitford
"Jimmie"
156 Newbury Ave., No. Quincy
Varsity Basketball, '33, '34; Varsity Track, '33, '34; Girls' Club, '34; Class Day Committee, '34

Paul G. Weden
186 Elliot Ave., Montclair
Orchestra, '32, '33, '34; Traffic Squad, '32, '33; Cafeteria Squad, '33, '34

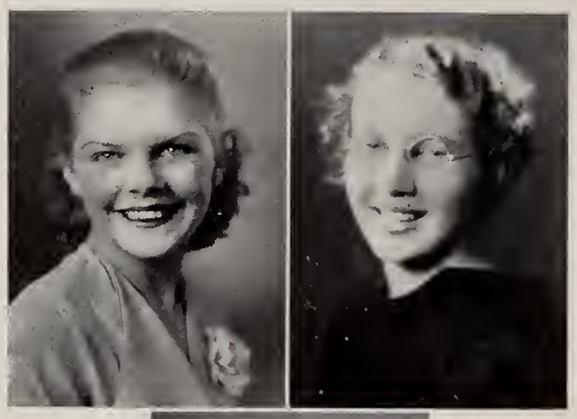
Willard S. Wilcox
"Will"
30 Randlett St., Wollaston
Traffic Squad, '33; Cafeteria Squad, '33

Doris V. Wenmark
"Dot"
47 Vassall St., Wollaston
Cafeteria Squad, '32

Albert Winders
"Al"
96 Billings St., North Quincy
Class Play, '34

Raymond W. Wesley
"Ray"
56 Exeter St., Wollaston
Band, '34; Traffic Squad, '32; Honor Roll, '32

Martha A Winders
"Windy"
96 Billings St., North Quincy
Girls' Club, '33, '34; Honor Roll, '34
Business School



Evelyne D. Winlock
"Blondie"

80 Billings Rd., North Quincy
Traffic Squad, '32; Cafeteria Squad, '32
Business School

Barbara M. Wragg
"Babs"

59 Colby Road, North Quincy
Girls' Club, '33, '34; Girls' Club Play; Glee Club, '32, '33, '34; Cafeteria Squad, '33; High Honor Roll, '34; Honor Roll, '33; Operetta Lead, '32, '33
Marriage

James V. Young
"Jimmie"

211 Holbrook Road, Montclair
Varsity Wrestling, '32, '33; Glee Club, '32, '33; Band, '33; Traffic Squad, '33, '34; Cafeteria Squad, '33, '34

Pearl E. Anderson
279 Newport Ave., Wollaston
Girls' Club, '34

George E. Bailey
"Ace"
33 Waterston Ave., Wollaston
Varsity Football, '34; Varsity Wrestling, '32, '33, '34; Varsity Club, '34; Varsity Baseball, 34; Traffic Squad, '33, '34; Cafeteria Squad, '33, '34; Honor Roll, '33

Warren E. Bennett
"Wannie"
53 Marshall Street, No. Quincy
Varsity Wrestling, '33; Traffic Squad, '32

Mary F. Brennan
"Mickey"
71 Bayfield Road, Atlantic
Art School

Grace I. Brock
"Gracie"
102 Bowdoin St., Wollaston
Senior Reception Committee, '34; Traffic Squad, '32; Honor Roll, '32
Wilfred Academy

Dorothy R. Burdakin
"Dot"
111 Davis Street, Wollaston
Girls' Club, '33; High Honor Roll, '32; Honor Roll, '32, '33
Katherine Gibbs School

William J. Connors
115 Billings Rd., North Quincy

Ruth L. Copeland
"Ruthie"
53 Phillips St., Wollaston
Business School

Beatrice E. Donovan
"Bee"
311 Atlantic St., Atlantic
Girls' Club, '33; Typewriting Pin, 40 rate award

Loretta C. Donovan
"Lottie"
311 Atlantic St., Atlantic
Girls' Club, '32
Hair-Dressing School

Barbara E. Dunbar
"Barbs"
148 Elliot Ave., Montclair
Girls' Club, '33
Wilfred Academy

Jeannette F. Dwinell
"Jean"
47 Willow St., Wollaston

William H. Feurtado
"Bill"
198 Fayette St., Wollaston
Varsity Football, '32, '33; Varsity Track, '33; Varsity Wrestling, '32, '33, '34; Varsity Club, '34; Varsity Soccer, '32; Traffic Squad, '32, '33, '34; Cafeteria Squad, '32, '33

Dorothy E. Finn
"Dot"
105 Russell St., Atlantic
Girls' Club, '33, '34; Manet Staff, '32, '34; Cafeteria Squad, '33; High Honor Roll, '32; Honor Roll, '32, '33, '34; Blue and Gold Letter, '32
Katherine Gibbs Secretarial School

Mary M. Gilmartin
"Midge"
96 Glover Ave., North Quincy
Girls' Club, '33, '34; Glee Club, '32, '33; Orchestra, '32, '33, Vice-Pres., '34; High Honor Roll, '33, '34; Honor Roll, '32, '33, '34; Letter, '32, '33; New England Musical Convention, '34
Business College

Mary M. Granstuck
19 Botolph St., North Quincy
Girls' Club, '34

Rena E. Griffith
"Ree"
85 Quincy St., South Quincy
Girls Club, '33; Honor Roll, '34

Marion D. Harris
"Skeets"
51 Pratt Road, Squantum
Varsity Basketball, '32; Girls' Club, '33, '34; Glee Club, '32; Traffic Squad, '33; High Honor Roll, '34; Honor Roll, '33, '34

George W. Howe
"Dimple"
190 No. Central Ave., Wollaston
Manet Staff, '32, '33, Editor-in-Chief, '33, '34; Student Council, '34; Traffic Squad, '32, '33, '34; Cafeteria Squad, '32, '33, '34; Chairman Class Gift Committee, '34
Boston University

Henry R. Huke
131 Norfolk St., Wollaston
Class Play Committee, '34
Going to Sea

Edward J. Hurley
"Slug"
[illegible] Milton Road, Atlantic

Daniel E. Jackson
"Dan"
57 Division St., Montclair
Honor Roll, '34

James Johnstone
"Scottie"
92 Farrington St., Wollaston
Manet Staff, '32; Orchestra, '32, '33, '34; Cafeteria Squad, '33, '34

Edward F. Jones
"Jonesey"
213 W. Squantum St., Montclair

Elizabeth S. Kane
"Libby"
20 Hunt St., North Quincy
Girls' Club, '33, '34; Traffic Squad, '32; Cafeteria Squad, '33

Andrew J. Kelley
52 Brook St., Wollaston
Varsity Football, '33; Varsity Baseball, '33; Traffic Squad, '32, '33; Cafeteria Squad, '32, '33

Marjorie E. Libby
"Marge"
15 Bowdoin St., North Quincy
Girls' Club, '33, '34

Harold J. Lindquist
"Har"
320 Farrington St., Wollaston
Varsity Wrestling, '34; Hi-Y Club, '32; Varsity Club, '33, '34; Varsity Soccer, '32, '33—Captain, '32, '33; Traffic Squad, '32; Cafeteria Squad, '32; Honor Roll, '33, '34; Varsity Follies, '34

William F. McDevitt
"Bill"
287 Billings St., North Quincy
Glee Club, '34

Margaret K. McKinlay
"Scottie"
8 Pope St., North Quincy
Student Council, '32; Honor Roll, '32, '33, '34

Clarence R. Metcalf
"Bud"
1 Oliver St., Atlantic
Manager Varsity Football, '32, '33; Manager Varsity Wrestling, '32; President of Debating Club, '32; Honor Roll, '34; Law School

Helen Miller
289 E. Squantum St., Atlantic
Glee Club, '32, '33
Bryant and Stratton Business College

George T. Murphy
"Murph"
125 Newbury Ave., Atlantic
Varsity Football, '32, '33, '34; Hi-Y Club, '32, 33; Varsity Club, '34; Varsity Baseball, '32, '33, '34; Cafeteria Squad, '32

Evelyn L. Newell
35 Royal St., Wollaston
Girls' Club, '33, '34

Howard L. Noble
"Howie"
8 Price St., Atlantic
Traffic Squad, '34

Veronica R. O'Brien
"Von"
426 Glover Ave., Norfolk Downs
Traffic Squad, '32

Gladys K. Olson
"Gladda"
151 Parke Ave., Squantum
Varsity Basketball, '33; Girls' Club, '32; Traffic Squad, '33; Cafeteria Squad, '33; High Honor Roll, '33; Honor Roll, '32, '33, '34

Henry C. Patstone
"Pat"
44 Colby Road, North Quincy
Manager Varsity Wrestling, 32; Traffic Squad, '32, '33, '34; Cafeteria Squad, '32, '33, '34; Honor Roll, '32, '33; Letter for Wrestling
Aviation School

Helen S. Patterson
"Pat"
39 Kendall St., North Quincy
Girls' Club, '32; Honor Roll, '32, '33, '34

CLASS C

TOP ROW
Left to Right

Dana Hill
Donald Shepherd
James Shute
Ernest Mandeville
Fred Sherwin
Joel Williams
James Clark
Allan Bishop
Warren Winders
Frank Gilday
Charles Sweeney
George McEachern
Robert Adams
Thomas Haslett
Herbert Fairclough
Robert Haymes
Richard Brown
Arthur Trott
Joseph Welch
John Mcfadden
Joseph Williams
Russell Larson
Robert Stahl
Paul Amon
Stephen Horton
Nino Mayer
Wallace Bixby
Lloyd Wood
Stanley Tibbetts
John Kelly
Henry Tucker
Robert Navin
Walter Anderson
Walter Jones
Joseph Goode
Harold Leith
George Gibson
Daniel Sullivan
Robert Smith
John Darby

Edward Burnes
Thomas Doherty
Louis King
Robert Hoyle
Donald Allan
Allan Toombs
Albert Sayward
Fred Bergfors
Frances Savage
Robert Norton
Fred Happel
Peter Cook
John Hermistone
Robert Gardiner
Albin Johnson
Daniel Ramsay
Thomas Gibbons
Warren Goodnow
Frederick Rainer
Ira Kelley
Edward Kenney
John Duggan
Alfred Rolphe
Robert Seager
Sumner Jacobs
Edward Arion
James Ross

SECOND ROW
Left to Right

Dorothy Ford
Evelyn Curtis
Phyliss Foley
Dorothy Jones
Arline Neal
Dorothy Crawford
Ruth Hayden
Jean Crockett
Madeline Gerry
Fronziska Koch
Winifred Hagan

Esther Rawson
Lillian Larson
Pauline Clark
Elizabeth Day
Thelma Fox
Marion Kelley
Marie Byrnes
Catherine O'Connor
Louise Gauthier
Doris Peterson
Gloria Sennott
Winifred Brown
Barbara Beer
Elsie DeWolfe
Grace Jones
Dorothy Rogers
Edith Berg
Mary Widdop
Barbara Yale
Margaret Strong
Emmy Rados
Viola Sorquist
Barbara Bruce
Mary Schaetsal
Mary Guest
Grace Willy
Martha Collins
Nancy Plummer
Lucy Pompeo
Lillian Olson
Esther Schaller
Kathleen O'Meara
Dorothy Rooney
Olive Copland
Gertrude Stewart
Bertha Greenough
Lorna Keith
Virginia Thomas
Edith Boutilette
Dorothea Newcomb
Phyllis Jones
Dorothy Stebbins

Gladys Streeter
Rosalie Surette
Marjorie Porter
Catherine Day
Ellen Schofield
Ruth Weymouth
Virginia Bishop
Marion Blair
Cynthia Metzger
Myrtle Newcomb
Evelyn Thompson
A. Geraldine White
Ethel Bettoney
Barbara Davis

THIRD ROW
Left to Right

Roy Ellison
Burton Taylor
Earl Egan
Gerald Coughlin
Stanley Reid
Robert Fallon
Arthur Reilly
Gara Carnrick
Irving Bliss
Daniel Carroll
William Hartford
Russell Warner
Edward Walker
Theodore Huke
Douglas Vedoe
Everett Pope
Winthrop Delano
Albert Jacobs
Edwin Baumber
Walter Anderson
William Bright
Harvey Cook
Sidney Herrick

Lewis Fry
Robert O'Brien
Paul Grautstuck
Alfred Jago
Irving Peterson
Robert Cheney
Ralph Morse
Paul Engley
Edward Alvero
Warren Frye
Robert Yelland
Robert Townes
Edward Darby
Ralph Gillies
Jacob Kubinoff
Herbert Jackson
Frances Gardner
Paul Hoffman
John Greeney
Mason Eastman
Leo Doyle
Frank Driscoll
Robert French
Walter Miller
Walter Black
Emerson McLeod
Fred Young
Edward Smith
Everett Porter
Edward Conley
Howard Cosman
Walter Connors
Bernard Matarazzo
Robert Collins
Allen Lindsy
James Ambrose
Maxwell Royle
Clifford Goodie
Robert Weden
Harold Scollin
Burton Smith
John Lynch

OF 1937

FOURTH ROW

Left to Right

Evelyn Thompson
Beulah King
Ruth Eberts
Jacqueline Hilton
Barbara Thompson
Inga Hansen
Lillian Dackers
Verna Coughlin
Margaret Daly
Doris Finch
Robina Haddow
Jean Curry
Georgia Whipple
Eileen MacLeod
Evelyn Flett
Mary Tolson
Mary O'Brien
Eleanor Casely
Winifred Armstrong
Lucille Chandler
Eileen Walsh
Elizabeth Marston
Marie Barry
Mary Deming
Elvena Deming
Mary Prada
Margaret Kane
Barbara Harding
Catherine Murray
Dorothy Skerry
Barbara Pitts
Kathleen Smith
Phyliss Smith
Eleanor Sherman
Marjorie Sherwin
Dorothy Dunfey
Joan Kennedy
Hilda Goldberg
Arline MacNeill
Barbara Durgin
Louise Well
Mary Tolson
Marion Gordon
Marjorie Plumb
Betty McKinley
Lillian Nicol
Miriam Anderson
Rose Crowley
Virginia Brinkerhoff
Ruth Tonry
Mary Reid
Elaine Martineau
Jeannie Drab
Eleanor Allard
Ethel Clark
Geraldine McCarthy
Anita Paragallo
Ruth Parker
Rita Clark
Mary Walsh
Beatrice Bowles
Frances Mansfield
Zelma Stone
Dorothy Dartt
Alice Jenkins
Leslie Ann Sargent
Mary Dolan
Gwendolyn Hutchins
Eleanor Hughes
Katherine Fontaine
Margaret Conroy

FIFTH ROW

Left to Right

Mr. Howland
Edward Doyle
John Fenton
George Lambros
Roger Amonn
Paul Dennison
Bernard Wright
Ralph Olson
Joseph Ciardi
Daniel Clark
John Balch
Herbert Noble
Merrill Abbott
Deebert McFaden
Peter McConarty
Walter Thomas
Clitus Buddenhagen
John Buckley
John McCauley
Richard Rousse
Lillian Gove
Alice Wenmark
Harriet Matthews
Peggy Childerhouse
Avis Buzzelle
Dorothy Jacques
Emma Redford
Mary Donna
Doris Hallett
Marcella Douglas
Louise Doyle
Agnes Ford
Ruth Reynolds
Helen Holmes
Genevieve Gardner
Benita Hennessey
Barbara Small
Winifred Spaulding
Helen Strasburg
Hester Harrington
Dorothy Peffer
Eleanor Hawkins
Sydney Leonard
Ruth Tibbetts
Ruth Redmon
Martha Ross
James Hawco
Robert Cragin
Thomas Canty
Tony DelGallo
William Hourahan
Raymond Burmingham
Frances Daley
James Queeny
Joseph Morrisroe
Harold Mulvaney
George Hines
Granville Gardner
Robert Ferranti
Dominic Presanzano
David Dix
Clarence Butts
Miss Beesley

SIXTH ROW

Left to Right

Evelyn Thompson
Elaine Baker
Ruth Atkins
Evelyn Rapson
Helen Venblad
Elsie Smith
Geraldine White
Virginia Hayes
Edna Bradley
Ruth Gerstel
Elizabeth Findlay
Lorraine White
Carmen Landrey
Marion Hulbert
Jennie Winecoff
Muriel Hayward
Mary Smullen
Fred Cummings
Helen Dowd
Virginia Andros
James McLellan
Priscilla Jenkins
William Sharkey
Betty McClosky
Vlasios Georgian
Edith MacDonald
Margaret McGue
Margaret Moody
Evelyn Fagin
Ann King
Frances Cambria
Beatrice Galbreath
Irene McCully
Ruth Whitaker
Jane Welsh
Olga Santeusanio
Irma Westerling
Rosemary Walman
Doris Kenney
Marjorie Aylward
Helen O'Meara
Velma Davis

SEVENTH ROW

Left to Right

Charles Whipple
Martin Slater
James Kelley
William Pickett
William Fox
Alec Robinson
Russell Keith
Herbert Johnson
Robert Regan
Paul Pierson
Michael McNeice
Winfield Luther
Russell Doherty
Gunnor Thornton
Albert Mattson
Louis Rettig

Eric O. R. Pearson
125 Atlantic St., Atlantic
Traffic Squad, '34; Honor Roll, '34

Lawrence J. Perkins
"Laurie"
113 Harriet Ave., Montclair
Hi-Y Club, '32; Traffic Squad, '33, '34; Cafeteria Squad, '34.

Barbara T. Peterson
"Babs"
73 Conant Road, Atlantic
Cafeteria Squad, '33
Hair Dressing School

Mabel M. Porter
53 Hamilton Ave., Montclair
Girls' Club, '33, '34; Cafeteria Squad, '32; Honor Roll, '32, 34

Dorothy L. Randolph
"Dot"
31 Hunt St., Atlantic
Girls' Club, '32, '33, '34; High Honor Roll, '32
Nurse

Mary E. Richards
15 Dunbarton Road, Wollaston
Girls' Club, '33, '34; Honor Roll, '32
Nurse

Marguerite P. Rispin
"Peggy"
52 Prospect St., Atlantic
Girls' Club, '34
Business School

William M. Robinson
"Bill"
301 Atlantic St., North Quincy
Traffic Squad, '33

Ralph E. Rose
"Aces"
445 Newport Ave., Wollaston
Varsity Football, '32, '33 (Hingham); Varsity Track, '32, '33 (Hingham); '34 (North); Varsity Wrestling, '34; Class Play, '34

Allen S. Rydwell
"Slim"
11 Spruce St., Atlantic
Manager Varsity Wrestling, '33; Manager Varsity Soccer, '32; Traffic Squad, '32, '33, '34; Letter for Wrestling
State Teachers' College

Mildred P. Scott
"Billie"
28 Blake St., Wollaston
Girls' Club, '34; Girls' Club Play, '34

Frank R. Seitz
30 Edgeworth Road, Atlantic
Varsity Football, '33; Hi-Y, '33; Traffic Squad, '33, '34

Henry B. Seitz
"Hank"
30 Edgeworth Road, Atlantic
Now working

Robert D. Seitz
"Bob"
39 Edgeworth Road, Atlantic
Manet Staff, '31, '32, '33; Traffic Squad, '33, '34; Cafeteria Squad, '33

Anna M. Smith
"Ann"
27 W. Squantum St., N. Quincy
Girls' Club, '33
Bryant & Stratton

Anna J. Strang
66 Division St., Montclair
Girls' Club, '33, '34; Glee Club, '32, '33, '34; High Honor Roll, '33; Honor Roll, '33

Roy J. Strang
66 Division St., Montclair
Glee Club, '32, '33; Orchestra, '32, '33; Traffic Squad, '32, '33; Cafeteria Squad, '32, '33

John R. Tabor
173 Davis St., Wollaston
Mass. Nautical School

David W. Trop
"Dave"
4 Price St., Atlantic
Mass. Radio School

Bernice M. Walker
"Bea"
6 Ferndale Road, Wollaston
Girls' Club, '33, '34; Manet Staff, '33, '34; Traffic Squad, '32; Secretary of Class, '32
Vesper George School of Art

George C. Wanzer
15 Vassall St., Wollaston
Hi-Y Club, '33, '34; Manet Staff, '32, '33, '34; Varsity Soccer, '32, '33, '34; Varsity Baseball, '33, '34; Traffic Squad, '32, '33, '34; Captain Cafeteria Squad, '32, '33, '34; Honor Roll, '32, '33, '34

Elizabeth M. Ward
"Betty"
143 Beach St., Wollaston

Doris J. Watts
"Dot"
63 Holyoke St., Atlantic
Girls' Club, '33, '34; Glee Club, '32; Varsity Baseball, '33, '34; Cafeteria Squad, '32; Blue Letter Award, '32
Burroughs

Mabel L. Whitney
"Pinky"
101 Billings Road, No. Quincy
Girls' Club, '33, '34

Arthur J. Young
"Youngo"
85 Belmont St., Wollaston
Varsity Football, '34; Varsity Wrestling, '32, '33, '34; Varsity Club, '34; Traffic Squad, '32, '33, '34; Cafeteria Squad, '32, '33, '34; Honor Roll, '33

Grace T. Young
"Stretch"
85 Belmont St., Wollaston
Girls' Club, '33, '34

Class Census

WHO IS THE:

Class Orator? Kenneth Dowd.
Class Musician? Joseph Costello.
Class Chemist? Noyes Farmer.
Class Comedian? Walter Joly.
Class Actor? Lincoln Foster.
Class Actress? Anne Donovan.
Class Artist? Elizabeth Balcom.
Class Author? Elizabeth Ogilvie.
Class Poet? Elizabeth Ogilvie.
Most Vivacious? Catherine McLean
Most Friendly? Natalie Archer.
Most Versatile? Eleanor Whitford.
Most Carefree? Frank Dryer.
Prettiest Girl? Elizabeth Andros.
Best-looking Boy? Laurence McCarthy.
Most Popular Girl? Rita Darling.
Most Popular Boy? Russell Urquhart.
Best Girl Student? Hazel Borne.
Best Boy Student? Noyes Farmer.
Best Girl Athlete? Rita Darling.
Best Boy Athlete? Walter Bryan.
Best Girl Dancer? Bernice Walker.
Best Boy Dancer? James Young.
Class Romeo? George Howe.
Class Tom Thumb? Albert Frost.
Class Sonnenberg? William Feurtado.
Class Tarzan? Arlon Hussey.
Class Baron Munchausen? Virginia Broadbent.
Class Bing Crosby? William Feurtado.

WHAT IS THE:

Class Delight? Jam sandwiches!
Class Ambition? Graduation.
Class Mode of Transportation? Foot.
Class Sport? Jumping rope.
Class Radio Program? Joe Penner.
Class Song? "Honest, I'm Not Lazy; I'm Just Dreaming."
Class Orchestra? Cab Calloway.
Favorite Saying? Not prepared.

Class Song

Tune: "Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes."

North Quincy High, we rise again
In tribute to thy name;
Enshrined within our hearts for aye
Thine image shall remain;
Our Alma Mater, ere we part
With grateful thanks to thee,
We pledge anew our love true blue,
And life-long loyalty.

North Quincy High, as future years
New honors bring to thee,
Establishing a heritage
Unto posterity;
Of victories in bygone days
In gladsome pride we'll tell,
With one acclaim we hail thy name,
(Pause)
North Quincy High, farewell.

1934 Class Will

We, the class of 1934, being (contrary to general opinion) in full possession of our senses (if not our dollars), set the seal of the royal house of sin and frivolity, North Quincy High, to this, our last will and testament.

To the venerable shepherd of our little flock, Mr. James S. Collins, we present a television set for the audiophones, not so much that his personality can be observed by adoring listeners as to insure the attention of the pupils.

Through the charity of the shop department we are able to leave a saw for cutting classes, a hammer for beating sense into ignorant sophomores, a pair of pinchers for pinching traffic violators, and a chisel to indulge in an old Spanish custom.

To Mr. Donahue, we bequeath an all-day sucker to save the terrific tear and wear of the familiar gum at football games.

To the incoming seniors we leave a compass and Boy Scout handbook to guide them through their last year.

In the interests of science, which has been unable so far to explain our remarkable success, we leave a brain of a typical senior for dissection in order to see what makes it run.

To the traffic squad it is a supreme pleasure to bestow several suits of armor to protect it from the lunch hour rush.

And lest we forget, we now give the time to Mr. Alexander, by courtesy of the Helluva Watch Company.

To Miss Bain, we leave a classless classroom where she can be teacher, pupil, international affairs correspondent, and in case she gets tired we'll let her put flowers in the window and play house for practice.

To those fastidious older people who laugh at the new dancing position, we bequeath an animated cartoon of themselves in the throes of "Turkey in the Straw."

Out of pity for the poor abused teachers who have rooms in the front of the building we leave a new location for the fire house so that one of the many welcome distractions will be removed.

To George Howe, we bequeath the right to distribute red shirts to the junior high so that they will have the proper spirit of radicalism when they become seniors.

To the incoming wrestling squad, we bequeath "Grapenuts," the secret of our former success.

To Miss Crockett, we leave our sympathy for the fact that errant seniors often mistake her for a little girl out strolling and salute her, before they discover her identity, with "Yoo hoo, cutey," or "H'are ya, babe?"

It gives us great pleasure to leave a rattle to Mr. Foy to keep him from getting lonesome while walking the floor in the early morning.

To Mr. Donahue, we bequeath a baby Austin.

To the cafeteria, we bequeath rubber plates and milk bottles that can be caught on the first bounce.

To this document, acting for the Class of 1934, we hereunto set our sign and seal, declaring this to be our last will and testament, this fifteenth day of June, in the year one thousand nine hundred and thirty-four.

Janet Adair.
Joseph Costello.

Cast of "Anybody's Game"

STANDING (Left to Right): Albert Winders, Tyler; Elizabeth Ogilvie, Miss Perkins; Ralph Rose, Klinghopper; Mary Hughes, Mrs. Allison Simmons; Noyes Farmer, Cassidy; Elizabeth Balcom, Miss Hale; Lincoln Foster, Jimmy; James Allan, Eddie; Joseph Joyce, Palukas; Joseph Costello, Lewis.

SEATED (Left to Right): Carol Eckstrom, Helen; Laurence McCarthy, Gibbs; Betty Andros, Greta Swinberg; Anna Donovan, Peggy; Philip Leadbetter, Delaney; Betty Parmenter, Lulu.

"ANYBODY'S GAME"

North Quincy definitely came of age with the presentation of the Senior Class play. All will agree that it was a truly mature performance and one worthy of commendation. To be sure, it possessed none of the artistic finesse of the Greek tragedy, but neither did it descend to the burlesque of the Varsity Follies.

"Anybody's Game" was based on a plot of mistaken identity. Revolving around the rapid rise of Jimmy Craig (Lincoln Foster) from a hosiery salesman to an advertising magnate, the play presents the more humorous side of business life. The personalities of the office, such as the office vamp (Betty Parmenter), the visiting business callers, such as Klinghopper, a Jewish manufacturer (Ralph Rose), and the friends of the various characters like the charming Swedish Dancer (Betty Andros) lend an air of friendliness and life to the office. All goes smoothly with Jimmy Craig who with the help of Peggy Blake (Anne Donovan) and his own "dumb luck" becomes a person of importance in the agency. He has been hired as Allison Simmons however, and when Simmons' wife comes on the scene his position is threatened. However, when Peggy reveals his true identity Delaney (Phil Leadbetter), the office boss, although at first angry at his false pretentions, hires him as a partner.

The characterizations rather than the plot itself made the play a success. It was a production especially selected for the number of bit parts. So, although, all acted equally well there were several personal triumphs.

Music was furnished by Catherine Zottoli, 'cello, Richard Johns, violin; and Marjorie Rupprecht, piano.

Coaches: Miss Davison, Miss Billman, and Mr. Hofferty.

Now that North has had one successful class play it is looking forward to many more. Yet from the difficulty entailed in producing "Anybody's Game" it would seem advisable to have a dramatic club of some sort to prepare for just such ocassions. Only in this way can the success of future plays be assured.

Library Staff

FRONT ROW: John Ewing, Priscilla Jenkins, Helen Goode, Grace Willy, Miss Sherman, Elizabeth Seavey, Martha Collins, Thelma Throndsen.

BACK ROW: Patricia O'Neil, Doris Peterson, Catherine O'Connor, Harriet Denton, Evelyn Creedon, Frances O'Connor, Charles King, Clara Ward, Curtis Millen, Dorothy Jacques, Irene Willard, Dorothy Stebbins, A. Geraldine White, Catherine Pitts.

North Quincy High School Orchestra

LEFT TO RIGHT:

First Row—Pauline Ekdahl, Mary Gilmartin, Ruth Kennedy, Catherine Zottoli, Phyllis Purcell, Eileen Walsh, Martha Haddow, Hazel Toy.

Second Row: Nancy Bray, Elizabeth Wilcox, Sylvia Purcell, Nino Mayer, Walter Anderson, Elgina Tiley, Elsie Smith, Ruth Aitkens, Barbara Yale.

Third Row—Robert Haynes, Grace Jackson, Lawrence Shalit, David Pitman, Robert Feruccio, Gerard Cameron, Richard Johns, Floyd Henry, Peter Jenks, Vlasios Georgian, Paul Weden, Ernest Manderville, Marjorie Rupprecht.

Fourth Row—Gilbert Syme, Paul Watson, Frank Dunlavy, Clarence Stevens, Frederick Little, Frank Dowding Clarence Roberts, Albert Nelson, William Frye, James Dunn, Edward Hall.

Fifth Row—Kenneth Antoine, Harold Scollin, Bicknell Hall,, David Jess, Louise Oliver, Robert Keith, Miss Otten, Director.

Sixth Row—Robert French.

Manet

VOL. 7 JUNE 1934 NO. 3

NORTH QUINCY HIGH SCHOOL : NORTH QUINCY, MASSACHUSETTS

Editorials

OUTWARD BOUND

Although we may not be very willing to admit it, there is scarcely one of us who on planning to leave the daily routine of school life, does not feel that he is about to lose something very precious. Through all our school years we have been looking forward to this glorious time—graduation, and before we have realized it, it has crept upon us. The last month has been one of the happiest that we have spent at school. Besides the long summer vacation to look forward to, we have been eager with the anticipation of graduation.

Now that we are about to leave we have found so many things to do. It seems that school offers many more attractions than ever before. It is like stopping to read the posters in the lobby of the theatre after a movie. We have seen the picture but there are still things to see that we didn't notice on the screen. Don't for a moment think that we are book-worms: far from it. These enticing activities that are drawing us are extra curricula activities. It seems that Seniors were never before in such demand. (This conclusion may be one of the blights of the disease known as vanity). Several of the Seniors have been seen sitting in an apparent stupor at their desks, and when asked, "What's the matter? Are you ill?" they merely reply in a still, small voice, "No, I'm trying to figure out how to be on the third floor, in the auditorium, and in the gym at 2.35." This is a very common request, so apparently there is some solution to it. But such an enigma adds all the more zest to the request making it a game to see if we can break our own record.

There are a great many things about our school life that we are going to miss Whatever will substitute for the two minutes between classes when we exchange snatches of conversation between the jolts of juniors and glares from gendarmes? In these two minutes many choice bits of news have been transferred from the secrecy of one person to the sworn silence of another. The time seems to have been purposely provided so that we may be warned of the existing temperament of our next period teacher. A frown from a passerby will immediately cast a cloud over our faces, and we will enter the classroom the picture of diligence. We are certainly glad that we have two minutes before the next class to air our spirits, after restraining them for fifty minutes—we never thought of it before, but perhaps the teacher is just as relieved when the bell rings, and she can go out to talk to the neighboring teacher.

Another precious bit of time during the school day is the lunch period. During the past six years we have been eating together, we have learned many of the personal traits of our friends. We know their likes and dislikes concerning food; we know whether they are of the type who really enjoys his meal and eats in silence, or the one who has so many things to tell that he forgets there is food before him. From the length of time it takes for the boys' side of the cafeteria to become vacant, we can draw our own conclusions as to the extent of their conversation. During our lunch periods we have made acquaintances that have developed into lasting friendships. We have met people that we would not otherwise have come in contact with. And so it goes.

We have spent a great part of our waking hours in school, and the friendships and acquaintances are going to be missed. We have practically lived together for six years, and at first it is going to be hard to go out amongst strangers.

Anna Cummings

A SENIOR REFLECTS—AND WONDERS

In 1930 I became a high school Freshman. Although I was a graduate of a city school—the model school of the city in fact, I was totally unprepared for and awed by what was my introduction to high school life. Any superiority which I may have felt in the eighth grade of grammar school left me the first day of my high school career. Lost in throngs of disinterested students, I became a child frightened, lost in a strange world of which I had no conception. It is with amusement that I recall actually asking a teacher what I should do in a study period!

Of course this exaggerated panic gradually left me, but I never quite recovered that year from the shock of being forced to adjust myself to such an abrupt change.

As a Sophomore I was still a bit dazed and unsure of my position. By degrees, however, I emerged from my armor of reserve to participate in a few extra curricula activities. I even ventured to join the cheering section of the most important football game of the season. My unaccountable burst of enthusiasm was quelled when I was threateningly informed by an upperclassman that I had appeared in the colors of the opposing team. In spite of several severe reproofs, I developed by the end of my sophomore year a cultivated nonchalance that gave me a kind of synthetic confidence.

Being a Junior meant that I was definitely an upperclassman, and was thus theoretically accorded a few additional privileges to those which I had "enjoyed" during my years among the "fresh" and "sophs." The actual authority and prestige which I amassed succeeded in building a firm foundation for my self-assurance. By that time I was quite attached to my "alma mater"—I had developed a feeling of reverence for its ivy-covered walls.

Then came another change. Again I entered a different school. This change, however, was not as pronounced as that which I had experienced three years ago. Besides, I was entering my last year in high school. Befitting a Senior. I had to act "sophisticated" at any cost. Nine months of this last school year have elapsed. Now this reverend Senior is about to terminate a colorful high school career. I must admit that my emotions are complicated. At any rate, this stage of my life will always be vivid with memories and ideals. Those who have not completed a high school career cannot possibly appreciate my feelings when anything may in the future remind me of M. H. S. and North. Orange and black will always symbolize ivy hidden walls, long corridors where statues stand in mute aloofness, the band that won first prize when it played for the Governor . . . Scarlet and black will invariably bring to my mind much advertised pins, significant feathers, that epoch making game, a diploma.

In reflecting, I marvel that such a complete and striking "metamorphosis" can occur in four short years of constant change and adjustment. Nevertheless, this transformation of impulsive children into reserved and self-possed young men and women is in progress constantly and on every side, although it is so gradual as to be hardly perceptible. It is with a trace of uncertainty that I contemplate the future. Is the "metamorphosis" still so very incomplete? Will the change always be so gradual and enjoyable? There will always be uncertainty; there will always be wonder.

Wyllian Krause, 12-1.

"The Power and the Glory"

By Elizabeth Ogilvie

He might have known, he said to himself as he stared silently at his image in the long glass. The Captain was afraid, that was it. Afraid of assassination, because he had been too forward. That was why he was so pale and moist-browed this fine April morning. He did not want to parade, because he was afraid that something would happen. The soldier's eyes narrowed into hard blue slits, but he continued to look fixedly at his strange reflection. It didn't look like him—it looked like the Captain.

All at once everything was terribly clear to him—quite as if he was seeing a moving picture on a screen. He was going out into the sunshine in the Captain's bright uniform to be murdered in the Captain's place. A horrible anger, enfevered by panic, almost swept him up into its fierce current. God, he wasn't going to be shot down in cold blood just to save the life of a yellow coward! The thought of the Captain's cowardice stopped the mad rush of passion. He clenched his fists to control himself and in the same instant saw the image's lips curl in an ever so faint smile of scorn. If he looked at the Captain like that, the dog would know just what a private soldier thought of him. But, after all, perhaps that was not the reason. A bet, maybe. . . . The Soldier shrugged slightly, and inspected himself with a fatalistic interest.

Yes, he did look like the Captain. On closer inspection, the uniform became him better than it did the Captain. He had the shoulders, the slim hips, to wear its color with dash and distinction. Too bad he should never have the chance to earn one of his own. . . . Once more he was terribly angry and afraid, but by sheer will-power he kept his face straight and emotionless. One could, he reflected, take him easily for the Captain, though the Captain didn't have such a lean hard line of jaw above the stiff collar, nor such a straight mouth. . . . No, the Captain had a sulky, red mouth. The Soldier laughed now, silently, and saw his teeth flash like white ice against his brown face, stung with scarlet. He picked up a dark blue dolman

lined with red, and fastened its thin chain with assured fingers. He half-whistled a waltz as he held at arm's length the glittering helmet with its tall white plume. He smiled again at himself. Very gay—and handsome; more so than the Captain—the devil take his saffron-colored soul!

The Captain came in, in his silk dressing-gown. He looked at the Soldier appraisingly and said, "Not half bad. You have the air, my man." When he held out his silver cigarette case, it trembled. The Soldier, his head down, smiled, grimly scornful. His own fingers were entirely steady as he took a cigarette. Thank God, he was no coward. The Captain was a fool to believe that the Soldier didn't know what was up. The Soldier, thinking of his home and the black-haired Kathi, touched his saber with lingering fingers and wondered if the other officers would be surprised to come in and find the Captain lying on the floor in a pool of blood, quite dead. He saluted and said briskly, through stiff lips:

"Shall I go now, sir?"

The Captain answered nervously: "Yes. Wait at the front until my horse is brought around. You have your orders."

For a fraction of a second two pairs of blue eyes met and held. One pair faltered, the other pair was emotionless. Heels clicked with a silvery jingle of spurs. The Soldier went out into the April morning, every inch an officer, and the Captain, closing the door behind his stiff blue back, wiped sweat from his forehead and muttered: "Fools, these peasants who go soldiering."

The Soldier stood on the Captain's steps and smoked his cigarette meditatively. The uppermost thought in his mind, confused in spite of his iron self-control, was that of contempt for the Captain. He was forever talking of the honor of the Regiment, and yet honor was just a farce to him where his own skin was concerned. The soldier thought of the other officers. Hard, cruel to a fault, yet they would never think of shirking such a martyrdom. They would go to it as to war—heads up and flags flying—and forever afterwards there would be a shrine to them in the hearts of their men, reflected the Soldier with unconscious poetry. He felt his own cheeks hot with shame, that an officer of his country, with its old traditions, should be guilty of this. And the Captain had all but condemned an honest, innocent man to death.

But—he frowned. Again that torturing doubt. It might not be that. Perhaps it was the Captain's conscience that made him afraid, and he, the Soldier, would return quite alive from his day of borrowed glory. Unless the Captain had received a note. The thought made him sweat coldly. A note threatening murder, assassination. The Soldier looked across the empty parade ground with sick, tortured eyes, and tried to wipe away that chilly moisture on his forehead. His throat was constricted, and something swelled painfully within his breast. He had a mad impulse to run back in there and grasp that throat with his two hands until the face that was a weaker edition of his own would turn slowly blue and convulsed. Then he would let go and—he could almost hear the gentle, scuffling thud of a nerveless body sliding to the floor in a shapeless heap.

A clatter of hoofs and feet aroused him, and he straightened his twisted features into rigid indifference. He mounted easily, keeping his face averted from the stable-boy's curious eyes. The Captain's horse was a rare, beautiful creature—a white mare, hard to handle, always dancing. The Soldier foresaw a difficult job, but it appealed to him. He liked horses, he murmured, remembering the days on his father's big farm, and the colts being broken to the saddle in the wide dusty corral. His thoughts trailed off into old, far-away, forgotten things and he caught them up hastily, attaching them again to the stark, bright reality of the present.

He looked back at the Captain's house; the windows stared vacantly at him, and he waved, scornfully and audaciously, so that had the Captain been watching he would have known at once that the "peasant fool" was not quite so foolish as he himself. Then the Soldier cantered away across the parade ground with his white plume nodding, the saber and spurs flashing and jingling, and the dolman flying out behind him.

When the Soldier came up and took the Captain's place at the head of his column, a column of blue uniforms on black horses, a long sigh went up. It produced in the Soldier a sort of grim triumph, for it was the final proof. Every man there had talked of, or at least known of, his Captain's adventures—both in the line of business and otherwise, for he had never had the luck to procure a discreet orderly, or to have guests without being interrupted by a private, who "begged to report, sir, Colonel Somebody-or-other wanted these papers checked right away, sir," or some other equally annoying person or thing. The Soldier knew how irritated the Captain became, because the Soldier had been himself orderly to the Major, and had gone on similar missions to the Captain's rooms, to the latter's great annoyance. And it was what had happened on one of these errands that made the Soldier sure that the Captain was afraid of something.

He remembered it all so clearly—a drizzling, grey dusk in March, when he entered the Captain's hall to find there a vague, gentle fra-

grance of violet, and there had been a girl curled up before the fireplace in the living room —he could see her from the hall, as there was a wide arch between the two rooms. She was a lovely blonde girl, with flower-like face and her eyes—full of tears—looked like violets under water. Her translucent, pale beauty had at once puzzled and dismayed the Soldier. She gave him a long, searching look, and suddenly her lips quivered and she turned her head away. She was such a wisp of a girl—so young—that the Soldier's mind was filled with doubt and half-pity as he followed the somewhat irritated Captain into his narrow office. The latter had hastily signed the papers and sent the Soldier off, grumbling: "I hope that will be satisfactory," but his eyes added that if it wasn't satisfactory he would be perfectly willing to shoot the Soldier, or the Major either, for that matter. And the Soldier departed into the wet eve, wondering about the girl.
time it was the color of coffee and creamand

The papers weren't satisfactory, and once more the Soldier crossed the parade ground, and with an immobile face beheld a scene that was dramatic, to say the least. The Captain stood in the arch-way with his feet apart and his face a medley of emotions—anger, anxiety, a little fear, a lot of hate. The object of these attentions was a slim dark youth, in appearance a university student, who was standing close to the girl. Despite the differenece in coloring, the two were evidently brother and sister, for the resemblance in features and the set of the head was apparent even to the Soldier, who had just been admitted by a rather weak-brained orderly. There was panic on the girl's face, and in her brother's eyes there shone a hate so intense that it transfigured his whole face. He had just spoken when the Soldier came in—the latter had heard his voice, high from anger and emotion—and it seemed as if the Soldier had unwittingly stepped into an area filled with waves of electricity, and broke their flow, for with one hasty, ugly look at the new-comer, the stranger pushed the girl towards the door, which the Soldier flung open for them. And they went out into the wet, dismal night. The Soldier preferred to forget his interview with the Captain—the officer had turned into a vicious, snarling creature, half-blind with rage —or fear.

With a long sigh, the Soldier came out of his reverie. They were moving across the parade ground towards the big gates. The bright air was full of the measured rhythm of many hoofs, thudding through the regimental march that the mounted band was playing. The Soldier looked back on a sea of dancing white plumes and burnished helmets. No one seemed to notice the Soldier—it was all so strange and unreal, that his masquerade should go on without discovery. Unless they had discovered it, and were being discreet, no doubt believing that the Captain had a sore head from the night before. The Soldier was puzzled, confused.

Alternate waves of hope and despair swept over the Soldier. Despair because one moment death seemed so imminent and unavoidable, hope because the next moment it all seemed so so impossible. The Soldier's eyes dreamed. It was impossible. The Captain was not only a fool, he was a maniac. When truth came out, as it must inevitably, whether or not the Soldier went through with it, the Captain would be ostracized, perhaps court-martialed, and in any case he would be dishonored for life. But he was willing to go through all this to save his skin. And there was another possible result. His influential father—doubt upon doubt fought in the Soldier's mind. Would his father cast him out, disinherit him because of this unforgivable blemish on the fine old family's coat-of-arms? Or, because the Captain was his only son, would he intercede for him, and manage to have the whole affair buried? But what excuse was strong enough to forgive an officer, in a responsible position, for having ordered a private soldier to wear his uniform, ride his horse at the head of his men, to be murdered in his place for his crime?

Why, thought the Soldier, didn't he quietly inform a superior of his predicament, and thus escape this undeserved death? For now he was sure that it was death, and the thought chilled him. He looked around; the review had commenced and to stop now would mean disorder, and the King's displeasure. Besides, the Soldier was a soldier in the true sense of the word, and an order was an order, in spite of his hate of the Captain. He knew, told himself bitterly that he was a fool, but some strange factor deterred him from stopping—a reluctance to give up this flash and jingle and the dancing white mare, and the vague hope that an early death was not his fate. This reluctance, he reflected, was idiotic, and out of keeping with a character that he knew was firm, mature, and steadfast, but it was in evidence, and he had to accept it. Another factor was an odd determination to see the thing through and bring ruin and disgrace down the Captain's alley.

There were people pressed together in a sweating mob on the sidewalk to see the King's horses and King's men riding by to the annual Royal Review. They stared, whistled, applauded, and the special aim of their applause was the Captain—so they thought—for a gallant young officer in his gay trappings always called forth genuine admiration. And the mare was performing for their benefit, side-stepping and trying to rear. The Soldier fell into his role easily, holding her in and not deigning to look at the crowd. They would be surprised if

they knew who he was. Then they would not admire officers so much—perhaps. He looked down at his firm, gloved hands. They were firm and capable because of his childhood on the farm. Again the blue eyes under the white plume dreamed. The smooth brown column of his mother's throat as she lifted her head to look at the sky. "Is it going to rain, I wonder?" And his answer, "How could it, with such a blue sky, mother?" Her grave, serene, dark eyes as she said in her quiet voice, "Storms usually come when least expected, son." And he had been incredulous, a small boy shaking his head because clouds on that shining blue-pottery sky seemed unbelievable.

He came back with a start to the crowded street and the martial music, and the drums that he could feel echoing in his chest. How right she was! And his father, saying good-bye when the Soldier had left home for the last time. "I'll say nothing, boy, except that we here—your mother and I and the village—want to be proud of you." The Soldier shut his eyes against the too poignant memory of things forgotten. By God, they should be proud of him! To have lived and died like a soldier was a glory by itself. Oh, he drank and cursed and loved and was loved—but he was proud to know that now, at the very end, he had done nothing dishonorable to hurt his parents nor her who was his only beloved. He wanted his own plume, his own saber, his own ribbons, his own bars. And he wanted—here he was once more unconsciously poetic—he wanted the soul to go with them. He should like his soul to be a shining sword, he would have his real self clad in a uniform every bit as gorgeous and brilliant as the one he wore. What did that uniform really mean, anyway? Not much to him, when he thought of the frightened blonde girl and the boy whose eyes were dark with hate.

He scarcely heard the noise of the crowd, for he was in a strange abstract mood, almost a trance—a mood without emotion, but a mood of clear cold-blooded thinking. Nothing was real, even the tight chin strap was a part of the dream. And the motion of the horse was another part. He fixed his eyes in the distance, staring at nothing, and suddenly the thought of Kathi flashed into his mind. Kathi—he had not seen for almost a year. Kathi running down the hill, with her shining dark hair streaming out behind her. Her eyes were gray-green, like the sea in winter, and unafraid under the shelter of her lashes. Kathi was not beautiful, not even to the Soldier's eyes, but she had an unbelievably lovely mouth—cool, with lips the color of deep coral—one minute it quivered with somebody's sorrow, the next, wide in glistening laughter—the Soldier searched for an adjective to describe Kathi's laughter. And her throat was like his mother's, slim and golden. And how the scarlet came and went in her smooth, warm, cheeks! She had said good-bye with her hands on his shoulders, and her eyes on his, "Come back to me as you left me," that was all.

For the second time the Soldier's eyes were sick with misery. He scanned the crowd for a familiar face. Everyone was cheering—then they entered the Palace gates, and there stood the King, with a group of officers. His red hair was a flame above his pale, rather austere face. The Soldier saluted with his saber, thinking that the King would be interested to know the truth. The King could not see how eloquent were the Soldier's eyes. They were in shadow. The Soldier passed by, with his dolman swinging. It would happen soon. For the first time, he thought, as so many men think in a crisis, of his religion. He had never taken it seriously, but now he began experimentally in a small, secret voice:

"Our Father which art in Heaven—" he looked up. "Such a blue sky," with the elms unbelievably green against it, beside the rosy maples.

"Hallowed be Thy name—" The sun made a halo about a helmet in front of him. A glittering, saintly, halo—around a sinner's head.

"Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done, on earth as it is in Heaven—" Irony—life was full of irony. No one ever did His will on earth as it was on Heaven.

"Give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors." What were his debts? What were his sins? He was almost glad for an instant that his life was to end—for now it was a certainty—before it could be stained and scarred like the Captain's. He had been no angel; but he had not abused the privilege of living. He must forgive the Captain, because the Captain was a debtor, and the debt was a life. It was hard to forgive, but—with a slight shrug the Soldier wiped the debt off his books.

"Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil." He had left temptation and evil behind him; and dishonor.

"For thine is the Kingdom and the Power and the Glory forever. Amen." He bowed his head. "The Power and the Glory." He repeated it. It gave him courage. It was not so important, his death. God was everlasting, through all the ages, and surely the Soldier would not go unrewarded. "For thine is the Kingdom and the Power and the Glory forever. Amen." He flung back his head and the white plume nodded in the wind.

Suddenly the near-triumph faded out of his eyes, for one face stood out sharply against the crowd. There was a youth on a balcony, a youth with glowering, venomous eyes. The

GIRLS' CLUB PICTURE

FIRST ROW (Sitting): Constance MacArthur Lillian Smith, Mary Sisson, Ruth Shennett, Mary Richards, Maude Armstrong, Catherine Horton, Rosina Guzzi, Martha Reynolds, May Ritchie, Elizabeth Atkinson, Zita Barker, Mabel Stewart, Pauline Ekdahl.

SECOND ROW: Mildred Elliott, Doris Noble, Eleanor Lawton, Mary O'Meara, Frances Hughes, Marjorie Lanigan, Mrs. Bethel Ross, one of the sponsors; Constance Josselyn, Mary Hughes, President; Betty Andros, Vice-President; Carol Ekstrom, Treasurer; Mildren Swanson, Catherine McLean, Bernice Walker, Esther Thayer, Grace Riley, Betty Parmenter, Marjorie Edwards.

THIRD ROW: Martha Winders, Dorothy Hutchinson, Helen Vandeleur, Eleanor Moe, Mabel Whitney, Dorothy Damon, Barbara Wragg, Mabel Porter, Betty Robinson, Marie Donovan, Phyllis Hatch, Yvonne Hayes, Ruth Smith, Muriel Nelson, Mary Gilmartin, Ruth Kennedy, Ruth Miles, Rita Clare, Ruth Agnew, Ruth Mooney, Wyllian Krause, Marion Schwab.

FOURTH ROW: Bertha Cummings, Barbara Hill, Eleanor Borst, Doris Eagles, Lucille Baker, Dorothy Finn, Anna Cummings, Phyllis Seager, Anna Burns, Marjorie Walker, Helen Murray, Miriam Thompson, Betty Drummond, Barbara MacLeod, Elva Aitkins, Martha Haddow, Virginia Bowles.

FIFTH ROW: Margaret Hunt, Ruth Corbett, Helen Leary, Marjorie Cleary, Adelaide Coupal, Helen Carroll, Mary Randolph, Mildred Arion, Dorothy Morse, Miriam Thomas, Virginia Black, Alma Libby, Dorothy Randolph, Doris Dame, Marion Harris, Bethiah Morrill.

SIXTH ROW: Grace Young, Elizabeth Kane, Ethel Little, Mary Graustuck, Marguerite Rispin, Helen Driscoll, Madeleine Mara, Alice Parmenter, Marguerite Knowles, Harriet Leavitt, Virginia Broadbent, Marian Acker, Mary Carroll, Janet Adair.

STANDING IN BACK: Barbara McLeod, Lorraine Stevens, Rita Darling, Winifred Pratt, Anita Giardino, Dorothy Plummer, Anna Cashman, Natalie Butler, Margaret Deering, Mary Ready, Elizabeth Seavy, Eleanor Whitford.

OTHER MEMBERS who were not present when the picture was taken are: Pauline Amrein, Eleanor Anderson, Eunice Belyea, Sarah Chase, Marie Cooper, Ethelyn Cochrane, Eleanor DeVries, Frances Doucette, Marjorie Hayes, Eileen Homan, Ethel Howell, Norma Hill, Helen Goode, Helen Gagas, Ruth James, Helen Murray, Millicent MacPhee, Evelyn Newell, Effie Newell, Mary Purpora, Frances Reid, Mary Ready, Mildred Scott, Anna Strang, Mabel MacDonald.

Hi-Y Club

REAR ROW (Left to Right): James Fay, George Wanzer, Frank Seitz, Richard Gould, Woodworth Jenkins, Arthur Starratt, Edward Assmus.

SECOND FROM REAR: George Mathurin, William Morrison, Robert Sawyer, Ralph Bevans, Kenneth Cody, Nicholas Rucky.

FOURTH ROW: Kenneth Dowd, Frank Browne, George Maiibach, Edward Bentley, William Garden er, Lincoln Foster, Paul Jenkins, Lawrence McCarthy.

THIRD ROW: Joseph Costello, Andrew Dooley, Edward Cragin, Fred Josselyn, Walter Dixon, Ralph Mettler, Arthur Schuh, Emory Farrington, Robert Phillips, Gordon Tabor.

SECOND ROW: Thomas Ryan, Joseph McWeeney, Norman White, Charles Hitchcock, Treasurer; James Guilmartin, Secretary; Russell Urquhart, President; Mr. James Hardy, Advisor; Arlon Hussey, Vincent Cragin, Charles Calderwood, William Spaulding.

FRONT ROW: Richard Sawyer, Kenneth Patten, George Mitchell, Walter Joly, Arthur Nelson, Philip Leadbetter, John Richardson and Norman Pare.

Soldier pushed back his helmet a little—a disagreeable sweat had broken out all over him, and for a brief second his sense swam in a black flood. Then he felt a queer relief. At last it had come, and soon it would be over. He shook his head impatiently and lifted it with an arrogant gesture. He held it like that until something glinted on the balcony and he felt a sharp pain in his chest. That was all, and no one else knew.

The Soldier continued to ride on, gracefully erect in the saddle. He could hold on for a while. After a minute he put his hand up to his breast and felt a warm wetness seep through his glove. "So soon," he said aloud. It was becoming hard to breath, and he wanted to cough, but he fought against the impulse. The mare's feet clattered rhythmically on the stones. The Soldier rode on through a gathering grey mist, that was accompanied by a sudden damp coldness. There was a thick, chilly sweat on his forehead and upper lip. He began to shiver unaccountably, while the drums magnified themselves a hundred times in his ears. He coughed, and agony shot through his whole body. He felt himself falling at a dizzy speed through an interminable darkness—a cold dark that would never end, he thought, but, like one coming through a tunnel, he saw a light growing out of the darkness.

Quite easily the Soldier slid out of the saddle, and lay sprawled on the stones, his buttons and insignia flashing in the sun— and the Captain's silver cross that said, "For Valor," flashed too. The tight chin strap of his helmet broke, and sent the helmet rolling over the street, and on the way the white plume picked up some of the blood that was spattered all around. The dolman was soaked quite through, but someone used it to cover up the Soldier's breast. When the other officers reached him and discovered that he was not the Captain, they noticed that he wore a mocking, scornful smile on his lips, but they never knew what caused the smile; as for his eyes, they were glazed and merely stared up at the sky with no expression whatever.

* * *

The Captain's brother officers saved the honor of the Regiment very skillfully by giving it out that the Captain had suffered from a lung hemorrhage during review, which accounted for the blood, and would recover. Shortly afterward the Captain was changed to a new regiment, because he no longer got on well with his former confreres. As for the Soldier, he was buried quietly in his own village, and they erected a cross over his grave; a simple white cross, bearing the words:

A Soldier Who Died in the Execution
Of His Duty and in the
Protection of His Beloved Fatherland

Of Service to the Community

The two purposes of the Senior Girls' Club are service to the community and the promotion of friendship among the girls. The community service work this year has been of first importance because of the unusual need in our city. At Christmas the club planned and directed a project which furnished over seventy families with food and toys. During the year, food and used garments have been collected and distributed, and in addition new clothing has been made for needy children, and dolls have been dressed for little folks of a Boston Settlement House. There were pupils in our own school who were having no noonday meals; therefore the Girls' Club sponsored a benefit concert of unusual merit which brought to our school Dorothy Richardson, contralto, a triple quartet from the Wollaston Glee Club, and the Student Drama Guild from Emerson College. The concert proceeds, $170, established a fund which is still supplying the needed luncheons.

The social events of the club have been outstanding. The last event of the year was a supper dance held May 31.

The club advisors are; Mildred Frye, founder and general sponsor; Ethel Crockett, Lucia Millikin, and Dorothy Beesley, Community service; Marjorie White, art; Bernadine Otten, music; Elizabeth Savage, dramatics; Bethel Ross, hospitality.

The officers are: Mary Hughes, President; Elizabeth Andros, Vice-President; Constance Josselyn, Secretary; Carol Ekstrom, Treasurer.

The House on Grove Terrace

By Hazel Borne

Grove Terrace was a community in itself. To turn from the sun-baked pavement bordered with common two-story houses of Tracy Street was to enter another world. Grove Terrace was the last stronghold of the old aristocratic element which had founded the City of Richland. The street was lined with great, gnarled, leafy trees, and other tall trees gave an air of seclusion to the big houses set well back from the street on shaded green lawns. Thickly sprawling ivy concealed the faded paints of most of the houses, and the new green of trellis leaves hid the sagging age of the front porch. The place had an air of being out of contact with the modern world. On very warm summer evenings old ladies dressed in black silk with fine lace at their throats, could be seen seated on the shaded porches. Every house was consecrated to its ancestors, and a shudder of dread had passed through all of Grove Terrace when the house nearest Tracy Street had passed into the hands of the banks. But the house had never been sold, and weeds and decay had claimed the place for their own.

The house at the farthest end of Grove Terrace was the Braceley home, a grey wooden pile, with unexpected eves and gables. A wide curving gravel walk led to the front door, and a smaller walk led around the house to a little summer house at back, overrun with a twisted grey grape vine. The last of the Braceleys were Miss Braceley, the elder, a tall angular woman with stiff grey hair who had for years never left Grove Terrace except to go to church, and her niece, Miss Jane Braceley, a slim brown-haired girl of about seventeen. Jane did not even remember her father and mother, and her world consisted only of the Braceley home and her few friends at Richland High School. She was a clever, quiet girl, possessing a certain plain beauty greatly enhanced by her large brown eyes.

The elder Miss Braceley was an aristocrat to the tips of her slender white fingers. She would admit not even to herself that the Braceley fortune was sadly depleted, and that there remained just barely enough for Jane's college education. Their meals were served with due ceremony in the great cold dining room, and gilt framed ancestral portraits hung in the rathed cluttered front parlor. But the ceremonious meals were scanty, and the frames of the ancestral portraits dull and chipped. The porch steps needed fixing, and here and there the ceilings were stained by leaks. In short, the Braceleys were, as the barber who lived on the corner of Tracy Street put it, "decayed aristocracy."

It was a beautiful warm May day when, as Jane put it later, "everything began to happen." She walked, as she had countless spring days before, slowly down Grove Terrace, breathing deeply the warm air and thinking how much she loved the street. Entering the cool dimness of the front hall, she became suddenly aware that something was wrong. Through the open door into the front room she could see her aunt sitting stiffly in the high-backed red plush chair with the black carved arms, holding a lace handkerchief to her lips. Startled, Jane ran to her.

"What's happened, Aunt? Not ill, are you?"

"No, no, child, not at all. It's just been something of a shock."

"What has? Have we?"

"I don't want to worry you, child, but you might as well know. We are—shall I say—ruined. Oh, I don't know how or why. We Braceley's never have had to worry about money. It seems—an investment or something—Mr. Thompson says you—you won't be able to go to college. There's such a little left." She put her handkerchief to her little thin nose, and looked up at her niece standing above her, her eyes still lustrous despite her age, filling with tears.

Jane turned her head and stared out the window, patting her aunt's thin shoulder. "Don't worry about my college, Auntie. Shall we sell the house?"

"Good Heavens, no! Not that, my dear. Why, there have been generations of Braceley's in this very room. It shall not be said that Alice Braceley was unfaithful."

To Jane, accustomed to such speeches, it was not theatrical. But in her heart something cried that her college years were of more importance than this dusty pile once called Braceley Hall. She left the room, and upstairs cried hot tears into a rough pillow.

There was no trace of those tears, however, when Jane and her aunt went up the front steps of number 4 Grove Terrace that evening. One thing generations of Braceley's had taught her was to hide her wounds from a curious world. There were two excited spots on Jane's cheeks as she rang the bell, because the visits to the Parks' house for dinner was an event. One always wore one's prettiest gown—this time it was the color of coffee and cream—and brushed one's hair until the gold shone in it. Moreover—

"What do you suppose he looks like, Aunt? It's been eight years."

The door was opened and behind the maid appeared a tall figure. A young man, perhaps twenty, stepped forward and kissed Miss Braceley.

"It's good to see you both again. How are you, and you, Jane? Or shall I say Miss Braceley?"

"Oh dear, no," smiled Jane, remarking that his black hair still curled at the temples. "Aunt and I should always be getting confused."

Mrs. Parks did not appear for dinner. She sent down her regrets, saying that she was ill, and hoped to see Jane and her aunt soon again. When dinner was over Mr. Parks and Aunt Alice went to sit on the front porch and chat. They were old school chums, and in Miss Braceley, Mr. Parks found the companion that his ill and nervous wife could never be. Allan, Mr. Parks' tall son, led Jane out into the budding garden.

"Well, what have you been doing with yourself these eight years, Jane?" he asked, turning upon her his grey eyes, eyes that were peculiarly active, revealing his every emotion, and which never glanced, but which always fixed themselves intently.

"I? Oh, nothing, just grammar school, and now high school. But you're the interesting person. How was Europe?"

"Oh the summers spent in Europe were fine. Sometime I'll show you all my snaps. But those last two winters in that business school Dad was so anxious for me to enter—were terrible." He stopped and sat down on a curved white stone bench. He looked up at Jane, and laughed. "The last time I sat here, you stood there in a short ruffled white dress and watched me whittle a whistle for you. I've remembered it all this time. What a funny thing it is to grow up. I suppose you're entering college next year?"

The garden was filled with dusk and silence. Jane sat down on the bench and said slowly, "I suppose I oughtn't tell you, but your family and my family—truth is, Allan, we haven't got a cent. Aunt said today I couldn't—couldn't go." The last word died brokenly.

Allan stared out into the darkening garden, wanting to say something sympathetic, but not knowing what to say. Finally he said, "Maybe something will turn up—I can't believe—well, you know, we always had money, and it doesn't seem possible that lack of it should stand in your way. Couldn't you sell your house? Seems to me Dad mentioned that someone wanted to buy it."

"I know but it would break Aunt's heart. Really it's too large a house for us two, but you know how it is—generations of Braceleys."

"Funny thing, that's just what Dad said to me last night. Generations of Parks, I mean. Maybe," he laughed a little, "if I tell you my trouble it'll help you forget yours. You see, Dad wants me to enter Parks and Co. next fall as a clerk—can you imagine me putting silly figures in dusty books—so much cargo on one ship, so much on another."

Jane looked at him sideways, at the strong face that still had a trace of last summer's tan, at the high restless brow—and said she couldn't picture him bent over a tall desk.

"But that's not the worst of it," Allan went on ruefully, "I've registered for a flying course this summer, and I don't dare tell Dad about it because he took it hard when I said I didn't want to have anything to do with Parks and Co. He said his father and his father's father had been in it."

It was getting cool, and Jane got up, saying slowly, "Perhaps if you give him time—it's hard to give up all your hopes and ambitions, you know."

"Perhaps," but Allan was doubtful.

Having given his father time to get used to the idea of his not entering the ancestral house of business, Allan pushed open the door of his father's study after dinner one night in early June. Mr. Parks looked up from his desk with a smile.

"I'm glad you came in, son. Here's something that might interest you." He pushed a chart which was lying on his desk over to his son. "Mason made this up for me. See, it's how much Parks and Co. has enlarged its business since it was begun in 1870. Not many companies can boost a growth like that."

"That's fine, Dad," said Allan stiffly, "but it doesn't mean very much to me, you know."

Mr. Parks swung around in his big chair. "I'd hoped you'd changed your mind about that. What do you want to do, if you're not going to go in with me?"

Allan sat down in a polished chair. "Well," he said slowly, "I've registered for a flying course this summer."

"Oh well," said Mr. Parks, "I suppose every boy wants to learn to fly now, and I don't mind that. But you might have consulted me before you registered."

Allan said nothing. Mr. Parks went on, "Go ahead and learn to fly this summer, if you want. Maybe later on, if prices keep coming down," he laughed, "we'll buy you a plane. But seriously, what do you plan to do next winter?"

"Oh, I haven't made very definite plans yet, but I'm going right on flying. I want to devote my life to it, as you did to Parks and Co." Allan leaned forward in his chair, his eyes bright. "It's a great game, Dad, and it's going ahead fast."

"Nonsense," replied Mr. Parks. "There's nothing in aviation for a boy of your stand-

ing. Besides, it's too dangerous. Now let's forget it."

Allan got up, his twenty-year-old dignity hurt. "Rather let's forget about my becoming a clerk next winter. Those two years of business school taught me all I want to know about keeping accounts or running a business. I don't like it and I won't do it."

Mr. Parks sat looking at the closed door through which his son had disappeared, his chin on his hand, and his shoulders hunched up thoughtfully.

That very evening, at the other end of Grove Terrace, Jane Braceley was preparing herself for an unpleasant interview. Taking a deep breath, she walked slowly into the cool front room where her aunt sat with her grey head leaning against an elaborate lace tidy.

"Aunt" said Jane, standing in front of her, "I have some news for you."

"Yes?" said Miss Braceley, showing surprise at this odd beginning, "Why, what's happened?"

"Nothing's happened. It's just that I'm going away."

"Away? Where?" Miss Braceley leaned forward in her chair and tightened her grip on the chair arms.

"Oh, just to Cousin Elsie's. You see," Jane spoke in a rush, "She said she knew how you felt about selling the house and thought of the next best thing. She said I could work in her husband's store during this summer and save money—and next year I can live there and go to Brandon College. I applied for a scholarship—and I got it." She stopped, rather breathless.

"Brandon College?" said her aunt. "Why, no Braceley has ever gone there."

"I know, but I must go somewhere."

"Do you mean to say you'd leave your poor old aunt all alone in this house?" Miss Braceley looked genuinely hurt. "You're not very grateful to me, are you, Jane?"

"Oh, I'm sorry, Aunt, but you'll have Annie and Jacobs here. And it's the only way I see. I can't get work around here."

"But Jane, dear, I'd planned on your staying with me since we can't afford to send you to Caldwell. Perhaps later you could work in the library, or——"

"But that wouldn't get me anywhere. It's no use, Aunt, I must go away."

Miss Braceley rose, and leaning a quivering hand on the back of the chair said, "Jane, I don't want you to go. Brandon College is not of as good standing as I desire you to enter. And I do not want you to go away from home."

Helplessly they faced each other; then Jane turned and went quietly out of the room.

* * *

It was two days later that, the Parks having been invited to the Braceley home for dinner, Allan and Jane sat in the summer house which was growing shadowy with night, and talked in troubled tones.

"It seems there's nothing to do but just go ahead no matter what they say," Allan said.

"It seems so. After all, the only thing that anybody really wants in life is happiness—whether that happiness consists of being wealthy, of helping others, or—or whatever you like."

Allan turned and looked at her with those keen level eyes of his. "I guess you're right. They've done the things they thought would make them happy, and now it's our turn."

"There's something more than that in it, too, Allan. They belong so much to the past. They don't see things the way we do. They can't. It doesn't matter who you really are, or what you think. You're a Parks or a Braceley and that's all that counts." Jane's voice became bitter. "It doesn't matter what happens to your life as long as you keep your name."

In the semi-darkness behind the summer house Mr. Parks, who had approached them unaware of their presence, and who had been an unwilling audience to their talk, turned and walked quietly back to the house where he talked for some time to Miss Braceley. As for Allan and Jane, they remained talking about their plans and hopes until Allan jumped up and said, "Gosh it must be dreadfully late. Dad will be wondering what's become of me. Good-night, Jane—and don't worry about things." And leaning down, one hand on her shoulder, he kissed her cooly and quietly—and disappeared into what had now become darkness.

On the porch Mr. Parks was just finishing his conversation with Miss Braceley. "We're getting older, Alice. We belong to the past, you and I. We're part of it—and, well, these youngsters aren't. There's no reason why we should stand in their way in the world of today." He stood up as he heard his son's footsteps on the gravel walk. "Just look at this house," he said, giving the piazza railing a poke with his cane that made it swing out and back again. "It's falling to pieces. Woodrow will give you a good price for it only because of the grounds and the situation. Well," his voice lightened as Allan came up the steps, "we must be going."

* * *

A single light flickered from window to window of the Braceley house, now a great black pile against a sodden black sky. It was a white wax candle that bowed and flickered in Miss Braceley's hand. Dressed in a long white robe over which she had thrown a flowing black kimono, she was walking slowly from room to room, now and then running her hand over the polished wood, or stopping to look up at a great picture lit up easily by the guttering can-

In Defense of the Pun

Arthur Schuh

The pun as Webster describes it is a play upon words of similar sounds but having different meanings. What is there in such simple, pleasant phrases to evoke such disfavor as that with which the public looks upon the pun? In talking about a fifty pound bank note in class one day one of our learned and esteemed English teachers said, "Perhaps he took down the serial number of the bank note and made a note of, (oh I must avoid a play of words) and - er - wrote it down." Is a pun so despicable that even an unintended one is unpardonable?

The reason for the aversion of the educated people well versed in the proper use of the English language is evident. They believe that the ordinary pun shows evidence of moron intelligence and even ignorance. Because of the quality of many of today's puns it will be useless to try to convert the aristocracy into friendship with "les jeux de mots." So if the nobility will kindly withdraw I shall continue to address the average person of just ordinary intelligenee.

Many of this group of average people condemn the pun and the punster as illiterate. But later on while talking with others they themselves suffer a brainstroke and utter one of the loathsome things. When they find that they too have the gift of pun they are delighted and spring to its support. It seems that not even the faintest idea had ever occurred to them concerning the real skill required to make up an original pun. Perhaps it would be well to describe here the innermost workings of the mind of a potential punster as he constructs a pun, clarifies it, and applies it to the victim.

First a word arising in conversation suggests to his fertile brain the possibilities of a pun. The most preferable type of word is a proper name or a popular saying although in an emergency any type of word may be adapted to punning. For example the victim might innocently say, "I made Mr. Bridges cross with me today." Immediately the punster sees the proverbial light and begins to formulate his ideas. If his mind were an open book we could read something like this, "Bridges - - - - - - cross, - - - - - - Ah! - - - - - - crossing bridges - - - - I think you - - - - than to - - - - cross (wonder what he'll think of this) Here goes." And then the punster having carefully construeted his pun comes out with it in some such form as this. "I should think you would know better than to be crossing bridges." This pun is especially good as puns go because there are two puns in a single sentence. If enhanced by an appropriate tone of voice and a proper facial expression a pun of this type is remarkably effective and is guaranteed to produce unusual results.

The mental process described above is usually completely carried out in half the time necessary to warm up an addressaphone. As you can easily see, it is the product of much ingenuity and facility of expression. As such, there seems to be but little reason for the antipathy of the public except that the skill required to produce such wordy masterpieces is not recognized.

Moreover, a punster may, with practice, develop his ability to perceive material suitable for puns in almost any situation. The effect of this upon the individual is also surprising. He gains an opportunity for sharpening his wits in addition to supplying himself with a reserve fund of clever retorts which are invaluable. When in an encounter with someone of similar tastes he converts the conversation into an amusing battle of wits. Instead of discouraging such outbursts of wit we should try to listen willingly and with some tolerance beeause, incredible as it may seem, some day we may find ourselves not only supporting and appreciating the pun but also creating puns of our own.

The pun when well applied has proved to be the source of many profitable incomes. Such people as Ed Wynn (note pun even in name), Joe Penner, and the Baron all owe their fame and fortune to the despicable pun. This proves that either the American public really appreciates the pun to some extent, or that it surrenders its precious silver as payment for hours of self inflieted torture.

Opposition to the pun, although manifest in many instances, has never been clearly stated. The members of the opposition content themselves with saying, "The pun is the lowest form of humor." This unsupported statement seems very unconvincing when one reads puns in immortal Shakespeare's works and sees thousands of his fellow citizens standing in line to pay money to hear comedians whose fame is almost entirely due to their generous and unsparing use of the pun, low as it is.

Down with the Pun

William R. Spaulding, Jr., 12-1

This essay is written in retaliation and with the sole purpose in view of "squelching," if possible, that individual who has the nerve and audacity to write anything complimentary to or defensive of that obnoxious branch of humor called the pun.

My essay is emphatically not intended to be humorous for instead I am deadly serious. The author of that essay in support of the pun is entirely unmindful of this literary endeavor and I have every reason to believe he will resent my intrusion upon a subject so choice to him but my purpose is fixed and I shall point out the advisability of refraining from a play on words.

Some sagacious and worthy philosopher once stated that the pun is the lowest form of wit. This is entirely true, and I believe, is stating it mildly for a pun in most cases is deadly not witty, intensely aggravating and annoying.

Anything as deterimental to genuine humor as the pun should be carefully avoided, for present day humor has degenerated to such inconceivable bounds of lowliness that the real wit and humor of past decades is in serious damage of being entirely obliterated from the face of the earth. Therefore, it is absolutely imperative that all vestiges of genuine humor be strengthened and supported, and that the pun be abolished from society if humor in its original sense is to remain.

If a pun were appreciated it would be different, but the series of groans which in nine cases out of ten are emitted from the assembled gathering is sufficient evidence to warrant the banishment of the pun.

Of course there are and always will be some individuals who will resort to this debased branch of witticism in order to appear clever and witty, but what a shame it is to utilize one's grey matter in the use of this illegitimate type of humor.

"The House on Grove Terrace"

(*Continued from page 46*)

dle. All through the long gusty corridor she went, both upstairs and down, in every familiar nook and corner of the house, until she completed her lonely circuit and, blowing out her candle, crept silently into bed, hearing the rain patter on the leaves outside.

* * *

Little damp clouds were disappearing from the sky and the sun was soaking up the puddles in the street when Jane started out in the direction of the Parks' house, only to meet Allan halfway.

"Hello," he said cheerfully, as he turned and walked back with her, "I've got big news."

"I know you have. So've I."

"Oh, you know, then?"

"Yes, Aunt told me at breakfast this morning. I'm so glad your Dad feels that way about it."

"So'm I. In fact, he's quite interested. Wants to make sure I'm taking the best course and everything. But what's your news?"

"Aunt's going to sell the house."

"And that means—?"

"I'm going to Caldwell, and I won't have to go away. I'm sure that's why Aunt's doing it—so I won't go away. She's a dear, you know. Trouble is, now that it's all over, and I'm really going to Caldwell, I feel dreadfully sorry about Aunt's having to sell the house. After all, she's made so many sacrifices for me, it seems I should have made them for her."

They turned into the garden of the Parks' house, and Allan, digging his hands farther down into his grey flannel pockets, said, favoring Jane with one of his keen looks. "Funny thing, that's just the way I feel about Dad—giving up his plans for me, you know. I know he'd dreamed of Parks and Co. going down to my son. Maybe we're wrong, Jane. Maybe we're wrong—."

Vacationing with our Faculty

Most of us enjoy finding our own faults in others, so we are delighted to learn that what Mr. Landy wants to do most of this summer is swim, that several of our faculty (too numerons to mention), just want to rest, and that Mr. Christianson, although he will probably be assisting in the preparation and revision of the film library in the department of visual instruction at Boston University, is hoping that he can loaf.

Some of the members of the faculty cannot seem to get enough of the atmosphere of learning. Miss Fifield is going home to study, to write a thesis for her master's degree. Mr. Warriner is going to summer school in Fitchburg for four weeks and Mr. Rogers hopes to go to summer school at Southwestern University. Miss Coyle plans to finish her studies at the School of Education, Boston University. Mr. Price will probably act as an assistant at the Harvard Graduate School of Education.

Mr. Donahue desires to go on record as having stated that he will do anything this summer that will provide him with bread and butter.

Speaking of the World's Fair, Mrs. Carroll plans to visit it while on her travels this summer, and Miss Flavin intends to motor there en route to Yellowstone Park and California.

Some of our faculty are planning to join the ranks of experienced travelers. Miss Smith is going to visit first New Mexico, then the World's Fair, and from there into Canada, making rather an extensive trip. Miss Perkins plans to heed the call of the open road by revisiting the World's Fair at Chicago and then across country to Estes Park Colorado. Miss Moline and Miss Crockett are planning to visit our Uncle Sam's attic, Alaska. Miss Savage is going to see the British Isles as the Britons see them; Mr. West will be found at Camp Poole, the Quincy Scout Camp, where he is to be director of the Senior Camp; and Miss Gormley will catch up on her golf at Lancaster, New Hampshire.

STUDENT COUNCIL

SEATED: Louise Newcomb, Mary Hughes, Rita Darling, Vice-President; Joseph McWeeney, President; Thora Soderberg, Secretary; Nancy Bray, Thelma Throndsen.

STANDING: Mr. Price, Sponsor; George McAvoy, Lorenz Schroth, Russell Urquhart, Frank Browne, George Howe and Reginald Leith.

Dear Peg:

Today we had the grandest assembly! A theremin was played by Mischa Tulin, a well-known and accomplished Russian musician. The Theremin, invented by Professor Theremin, a Russian, much resembles a radio cabinet. On the top is a vertical metal antenna about eighteen inches long. On the right side of the cabinet a looped antenna extends horizontally. The only other piece of apparatus in evidence

is a little case much resembling a lady's overnight case, but in reality an amplifier.

Now—the human body is at all times giving off positive electrical waves. The vertical antenna gives off negative waves. As the hand, or body, nears the antenna, it pushes the negative waves back and forth as springs. The motion of the electrons causes the vibrations and produces sound. Incredible, isn't it? Yet the theremin is accepted by the American Musical Association and has been used in Radio City and in our own Boston Symphony Hall. You realize, of course, that no key board, strings, reeds, or other mechanical aides are used. One antenna controls pitch or "voice" and the other controls the volume or intensity of sound. You see, when the hand approaches the electrical field surrounding the vertical antenna, the field is affected so much that the sounds are produced. The range covers five octaves, but such minute graduations are obtainable with each octave that it is truly surprising. "In the lower range its tone partakes of the quality of the bassoon, string bass, and other low pitched instruments; further up the scale, the tone is like that of the 'cello; still further, the quality of the viola, violin and flute are closely approximated." It is almost incredible but the theremin can even imitate a human soprano voice.

If you ever get the chance to hear one, by all means, do so. Remember, it will not sound until a human hand nears the antenna, but the hand does not touch the bar. It is rather weird to hear really thrilling music produced, but to see the producer merely making "passes" in the air with his hands is mysterious. Just think, the "Theremin" is at least ten years old, but is still comparatively unknown to the layman.

Most sincerely,

Van.

ASSEMBLIES

There have been several outstanding assemblies during this school year. Edwin Franko Goldman came to the school early in May and gave an interesting, inspiring talk on music. After his speech, Mr. Goldman led the school band in several selections.

Perhaps the most enjoyable program was that given Friday, May 18. Miss Roberta Clark and Bill Coleman, versatile alumni from Quincy High school, entertained. Miss Clark played numerous selections on the xylophone, and Bill gave amusing imitations of radio and film stars. In additions the orchestra played several selections and the Glee Club rendered a delightful group of songs.

Honor Roll--Third Quarter

Grade 7

High Honor Roll: Edith Adams, Ray Cavicchi, Richard Cotter, Charles Crowell, Hazel Dartt, Luella Eaton, Marjory Eddy, Richard Fairbanks, Arthur Georgian, Norman Hurd, Beulah MacLeod, Marion Mainwaring, Dorothy Naumann, Warren Sawyer, Albert Smith, Gene Sprague, Richard Treco, Clifford Willey.

Honor Roll: William Ball, Richard Bartlett, William Berberan, Albert Bredish, James Brown, Betty Cameron, Albert Castle, Patricia Cole, Beverly Crandall, Helen Davis, Edward DeBery, Lillian Demrell, Joseph Driscoll, Jane Donahue, Gail Donovan, Elizabeth Dunn, Robert Drohan, Jean Early, Philip Ewing, Phyllis Ferson, Fred Gillis, Joseph Goldberg, June Graham, Sabrena Greenwood, Dorothy Hall, Carl Hartbower, Frank Hawco, Russell Hirtle, Shirley Horte, William Hutchinson, Lenore Johnson, Sylvia Johnson, Evelyn Jukes, Robert Kenney, Russell Kenney, Clare Lindberg, John Mara, Robert Martel, Agnes McNally, William Murphy, Lawrence Morris, Ruth Nichols, Vivian O'Kerfelt, Carol Philip, Andrew Randall, Agnes Reynolds, Frank Richards, Robert Richardson.

Grade 8

High Honor Roll: Richard Aldrich, Robert Bliss, Phyllis Cox, Dorothy Farmer, Edward Gartland, Claire Germaine, Homer Hathaway, Patricia O'Neil, Dorothy Schrader, Edson Scudder, Richard Stevens.

Honor Roll: Winifred Becker, Walter Berry, Richard Berquist, Agnes Burckhart, Helen Boyagian, Marjorie Brennan, Edythe Bright, Helen Butts, William Cameron, Marion Cole, Richard Crockett, June DeLaney, Thelma DeLoid, Constance Dennisen, Jack DeVries, James Donovan, William Dunn, Helen Erwin, John Erwine, Doris Finney, Margaret Fontaine, Seba Foster, Mary Margaret Fullerton, Marie Gaudreau, Helen Gilmartin, Bicknell Hall, Charles Hennessey, Peter Jenks, Barbara Keith, Roger Kent.

Betty Lever, Marie MacDonald, William Macomber, Charlotte Mandeville, John Mansfield, Ethel Marder, Howard McDougall, Janice McGowan, Jeanette McNally, Frederick Millet, Barbara Munro, Georgina Newell, Cynthia Nicholl, Frances O'Conner, Gilbert O'Kerfelt, Louise Oliver, Jean Owen, Pearl Raiche, Marjorie Readdy, Robert Rich, Clifton Rogers, Elaine Sauter, Joseph Schaver, Charlotte Senter, Lawrence Shalit, Helen Smith, Jean Smith, Ruth Sullivan, Beverly Sweatt, Marie Sweeney, John Thorne, Louise Tierney, Paul Tupper, George Walker, Clara Ward, Adrienne Welsh, Albert Wight, Marion Zallen.

Grade 9

High Honor Roll: Peggy Childerhose, Martha Collins, Olive Copeland, Elsie DeWolfe, Vlasios Georgian, Stephen Horton, Dorothy Jacques, Everett Pope, Burton Smith.

Honor Roll: Walter Anderson, Edith Berg, Ethel Bettony, Avis Buzzelle, Francis Cambria, Evelyn Curtis, Barbara Davis, Paul Dennison, Ruth Eberts, Warren Frye, Lillian Gove, John Greaney, Ruth Hayden, Priscilla Jenkins, Aure King, Sydney Leonard, James McLellan, Cynthia Metzger, Arlene Neal, Nancy Plummer, Richard Rouse, Harold Scollin, Dorothy Stebbins, Gertrude Stewart, Helen Strasburg, Barbara Thompson, Arthur Trott, Rosemary Walman.

Grade 10

High Honor Roll: Duane Aldrich, Louise Bowker, Josephine Cambria, Mary Cassie, Fred Doherty, Gladys Finney, Maybelle Hume, Dorothy Leonard, Dorothy Robbins, Ellen Stenberg, Robert Stewart.

Honor Roll: Marie Cappos, Eleanor Costa, Ruth DeMone, Harriet Denton, Robert Everson, Ebba Goldberg, Floyd Henry, Elmer Jones, Barbara Lindberg, Mary Macomber, Barbara Means, Eleanor O'Connell, Robert Olsson, Phyllis Purcell, Betty Richmond, Marshall Roberts, Frank Seldon, Claire Treco, Louis Yelland.

Grade 11

High Honor: George Hill.

Honor Roll: Edward Bentley, Richard Carlson, William Crosman, Margaret Cummings, Francis Curtis, Eleanor DeVries, Mary Fisher, William Frye, Victor Gookin, Bettina Hayden, Pearl Perry, Ethel Redford, Webster Filestone, Agnes Walker, Arthur Winnett, Elsie Young, Catherine Zottali.

Grade 12

High Honor: Marjorie Cleary, Joseph Costello, Noyes Farmer, Elizabeth Ogilvie.

Honor Roll: Janet Adair, Hazel Borne, Anna Cummings, Mildred Elliott, Dorothy Finn, Mary Gilmartin, Marion Harris, Catherine Horton, Mary Hughes, Robert Keith, Ruth Kennedy, Alma Libby, Harold Lindquist, Clarence Metcalf, Gladys Olson, Eric Pearson, Mabel Porter, Martha Reynolds, Gertrude Robertson, Thomas Ryan, Arthur Schuh, Aldric Smith, Lillian Smith, Martha Winders, Barbara Wragg.

A "First Nighter" Views the Follies

From the moment Russ Urquhart gave his prologue until the final curtain, I enjoyed the show. Although I was prepared for a burlesque of "Julius Caesar" and a night club performance, I was not prepared for the wealth of humor and talent displayed.

Joe McWeeney, Tommy Ryan, and Reggie Leath made good comedians. Cap. Bryan and Arthur Young as property men nearly stole the show. The corpse of Caesar received little consideration. He was certainly murdered.

The night club music was particularly good. Why not, with Costello, Leith, Stevens, Tonry, Hall and Carlson in the orchestra?

Mitchel and Dowling—what girls! No wonder those models of sartorical splendor, their escorts, seemed so engaged. The tray was most aptly juggled by Bailey.

Frank Browne, as master of ceremonies, was commendably bashful as he announced his own solo. The chorus and ballet kept together beautifully with Reilly and Ryan taking all honors with their specialty. Bill Fenrtado much resembles his alleged sister, Kate Smith, in both his form and voice.

The specialties staged as the floor show of Club Varsity were exceptionally well done. Butterfield should some day hit 42nd St., the mecca of "hoofers."

Colligan's harmonica solo and Jensen's cartoons were well worth the applause. It is really a coincidence that the clever lad who sang hillbilly songs and strummed his uke is really Bill Hill.

If you are familiar with the words to the Carioca you have the exact description of the "carioca" as danced by Reilly and Ryan.

One of the cleverest stunts was that of combining Bryan's physique with Mr. Howland's voice. By the second performance the combination was so perfected that many in the audience were completely fooled.

Not only did the Varsity Club furnish entertainment for the school, but also considerably reduced the athletic debt.

CAST FOR "JULIUS CÆSAR"

Julius Caesar.....Thomas Ryan
Marcus Antonius.....Ralph Mettler
Brutus.....Joseph McWeeny
Cassius.....Philip Leadbetter
Casca.....Fenton Power
Trebonius.....Paul Reilly
Lucius.....Reginald Leith
First Stage Hand.....Walter Bryan
Second Stage Hand.....Arthur Young
Prologue Speaker.....Russell Urquhart

N.Q.H.S.-"SNAPPY SHOTS"

The "would-be" Hi-Y members.!.!

If they could only COOK!

The lunch-time sport

"CAESAR"!
Thou art revenged

Mayre D. Omeara

Two of the "boys"

Baseball Squad

BACK ROW (Left to Right): Fred Walker, Kenneth Harding, Albert Colson, Curtis Butterfield, William Chisholm, Grover Clark, George Wanzer, Albert Johnson, Coach Leroy Rogers.

MIDDLE ROW: Nicholas Ruchy, James Fay, Russell McGue, Ralph McLeod, George Matheson, George Hutt, Andrew Kelley, James Guilmartin, George Murphy, Robert Mullen.

FRONT ROW: Fred Doherty, Robert Pickett, Manager Walsh, Billy Dunn, Batboy; Robert Workmen, Norman Pare.

LEFT OUT: Manager Charles King, William Morrison.

-:- Base Ball -:-

NORTH WALLOPS WALTHAM

In the opening game of the year played at the Dennis J. O'Neil playground, Coach "Curly" Rogers' Scarlet and Black charges bowled over the Waltham High nine 13-8 in a wide open game.

North collected an even dozen hits off the offerings of 5 Waltham chuckers, while Mathurin and Rucky were nicked for 10 blows by the visiting team. "Mutt" Mathurin started on the mound for North, but had to be relieved in the 5th frame by "Nick" Rucky when he was struck in the face by a thrown ball while backing up the catcher on a throw home. Zeno, Ruffing, Boccabello, Quinn and Keyes served up the onion for the Waltham team and all were treated about the same by the hard-hitting Northerners.

The Rogers' gang was off to a flying start, driving in 2 runs in the opener, 3 in the second round, and having a grand splurge in the third inning where they batted around the batting order and tallied 6 times.

Waltham's biggest threat was in the second chapter, where they bombarded Mathurin for two doubles and a brace of singles. These, mixed in with a base on balls and a few boots by the North infield, gave the Walthamites 4 big runs. Waltham picked up one more run in the 3rd frame, 2 in the 4th and then Rucky came in and blanked them except for an unearned score, tallied in the 8th when all the danger was over.

"Andy" Kelley was the big sticker of the day, leading both teams with the willow, by knocking out 2 triples and a single in four tries.

Ralph MacLeod, locals' center fielder, was next in line with 2 hits out of 3 times up. Noke was Waltham's best bet at bat, getting 3 bingles out of 4 visits to the platter.

Fahey, visiting left fielder was the fielding star, with two beautiful running catches, each time robbing "Sonny" Fay of an extra base knock. He was hard-pressed for honors though by MacLeod, North's center gardener, who contributed a gem by nabbing Curtis' long fly to right center.

An interesting note of the game was the fact that Coach Leary of the visiting aggregation was "Curley" Rogers mentor, while he was starring in high school.

VICTORY NUMBER TWO

Continuing their slugging shown in the opening tilt, North Quincy's baseball team hammered out a rather impressive 13-7 win over the Sacred Heart High of Weymouth in their second encounter of the year, banging 3 hurlers for 15 hits. North had little trouble in gaining her win. Rucky and Edson did well enough in holding the Weymouth bammers in check, granting only 7 safeties.

Again "Andy" Kelley led the onslaught on the visiting twirlers smacking the Weymouth pitching for a pair of doubles and as many singles in 5 trips to the plate. Mathurin also hit well for the Scarlet and Black knocking out a triple, double and single in 5 visits.

Harrington stood out on the offense for the Weymouthites getting 2 out of 3.

In the field "Jimmy" Guilmartin at short was the shining light, as was MacLeod in center field. Camarron was Weymouth's star afield, the second sacker handling himself very creditably.

As in the former game North walked away to an early lead and was never headed. Three runs in the first, and 4 in the third, were plenty to insure the victory as Weymouth did not score until the 5th. Five runs in the eighth were chalked up by the losers, who went on a batting spree.

HINGHAM TOPS NORTH

Coming from behind in the late innings to pound out a 6-5 win, Hingham High handed North her first setback when they downed the local crew at Hingham. Cunningham, home team backstop, laced out a long home run with two mates aboard in the seventh to contribute greatly to the victory.

Carnes, Hingham chucker, had the heavy hitting Northerners handcuffed for the greater portion of the engagement, allowing but 6 hits, with only one man, Guilmartin, collecting better than a lone single.

Hingham stepped out in front in the opening round on Cutting's single, an error, and a couple of outfield flies, but then were horse-collared until the 7th. The Scarlet and Black staged a big rally in the 5th, tallying 4 runs and momentarily putting them in the lead.

Cunningham's clout in the 7th tied things up again, but once more North forged ahead, picking up a tally in the 9th. The winners roared back however, and pushed two counters over the counting station before North could retire a man in the latter half of the ninth.

Guilmartin was the Northern star, getting two hits and accepting 3 chances in the field faultlessly. Cunningham with his big wallop and Hatch who knocked in the winning run were Hingham's heroes.

... Track ...

Paced by Captain Bob Sawyer who is going great guns for a first year man, Coach Donald West's North Quincy track team is making a good showing for a school where track is just being inaugurated. Even though they have lost all meets participated in thus far, the Northerners are getting stronger day by day and by the end of the season should have a fairly decent squad.

Sawyer is the high scorer with 30 1/3 points to his credit in the three meets. Nelson and Harry Wirth are also high scorers and doing good work for the team. North has taken it on the chin so far from Concord, Weymouth and Needham, the last engagement being decided by the margin of a single first place.

Most of the unit are of the lower grades and thus a nice showing will be made next year. For an inexperienced group, Coach West, former Boston University flash, is doing an excellent job in developing the green material handed him to teach and any credit coming the way of the team should be given to him.

Golf and Golfers

Captained by Fenton Powers and Coached by Mr. Donahue, North Quincy's golf team has undertaken a strong schedule for this season. To date, Captain Powers and his pill chasers have tasted defeat in 4 tete-á-tetes and has come in on top twice. Thayer, Peabody, Brockton and Weymouth have dumped the Northerners while the Scarlet and Black has beaten Norwood and Natick.

Seven more matches remain, two being with Quincy, and one each with Thayer, Peabody, Brockton, Weymouth and Natick and Norwood.

Besides Captain Powers the team is made up of Ken Cody, Richard Cooke, Ralph Bevans, Allan Power, William Mundie, and Leon Dunbar. All but Powers and Cooke will be back next year so they should have a strong entry for '35.

-:- Northern Exposures -:-

By Men About Town

Words of the mighty: "Conducting a class during these audiophone broadcasts makes me think of nothing but running a revival meeting in one corner of a three ring circus."

Our twelfth grade class officers would have no support if we took the piano out of the auditorium. . . . Catchy, catchy?

Guess who?—He shuffles out in front of the hall. He swings his arms, stops, scratches his head (depicting embarrassment), leans on the piano; finally, he speaks forcefully, but in a manner to horrify the faculty. . . . Are we wrong, or is it Kenny Dowd?

Many a senior's heart is still in the junior high school!!!

We notice that Ralph Rose has been picking up more than laundry bags in his father's truck.

With the passing of North's "One-Eyed Connelly" (J. T. McWeeny) social events may be run at a profit. Joe only paid at one affair and that was when a blue uniform scared him at the door.

We think that a couple of these class rings on one hand would make a good pair of brass knuckles.

Those seniors you saw running around mumbling to themselves were not altogether crazy. Just a case of memorizing the class play.

Last season when Bryan and Murphy recaptured the pig skin, we would hear them yell: "Come back to Erin."

"I bet they'll throw me out for being indecent," said Jimmy Whitford trying on her new low-back evening gown.

The man of the hour—Mr. Frank MacDonald. Did you notice how he scouted up all those snappy neck-ties for the senior class picture in such a hurry?

The Foster Towing Company, Incorporated, was called into service a few weeks ago when there was a rush call to tow Bob Gould out of a bog in the Sparking Space at Third Hill. . . . Of course Dot was there.

Noyes Farmer says: "Last winter my girl Susie went sour on me. I sent her to Dr. Pretorius and after his wonderful alkaline diet Susie became one sweet cookie."

What words do you fellows use when referring to the fair-sex? Here are some well-known colloquialisms heard about school: "Dill," "Blister," "Coozy," "Frail," "Femmie," "Skirt," "Flame," "Sugar," "Bim," "Gill," and "Weakness."

Our Inquiring Reporter was assigned to ask some of the prominent graduates the following question: Will you miss N. Q. H. S. after you graduate? For your amusement (?) we publish some of the answers we received.

Andy Kelly: "We are just good friends."

Cap Bryan: "I have no statement for the press."

Kenny Dowd: "Well, it's a long story. Now take the point system, etc."

Midda Swanson: "Ay tank ay settle down in Squantum."

Russ Urquhart: "Well—yes, and then again—no."

Dutchy Tabor: "My secretary attends to all those matters."

We have all been bothered by these Junior and Sophomore "Picture Pests" who are trying to get as many pictures as they can for their own private rogues gallery.

In a leafy desert isle—How we love to recline under the shade of a little bush on the lawn and make believe we're out on a South Sea Island, drousing under the tropical sun, just lolling around all day without a care—then the bell rings.

A while ago a sign appeared on Mr. Bridges' door—"Pupils keep out!" A few days later another sign appeared, "Mr. Bridges keep out!" Retaliation?

Talking about sweet young things. Couldn't you girls just go for "Sunny" Assmus in his Lord Fauntleroy suit at the Varsity Follies.

Frank Browne's interpretation of "Over Somebody Else's Shoulder" at the Monday night Varsity Follies was sung for the benefit of just one person, a little Maine girl from Portland. You ought to try the neighborhood products, Doc.

It seems just made to order that Anne Donovan and Lincoln Foster captured the big love scenes in the Senior Class play. No wonder they both had poison ivy.

Among other things "Dimp" Howe copped a dancing prize at Montclair Hall. It must have been the red shirt.

We never knew that most of us were so handsome until these photographers got through touching up. The profile slays 'em.

Have you ever heard the one about the "jeune fille" who, when making soap in the chem. lab., couldn't make it jell or lather? Obtaining a lavatory permit from R. B., she "legged" it down to the kitchen where she begged some Rinso from the cooks. Galloping upstairs again, she walked demurely into the lab., and added the Rinso to her mess. It did the trick—jelled, lathered—almost perfect—very Goode, wasn't it?

In the words of Ben Bernie—"And now the time has come to lend thine ears to au revoir pleasant dreams. Good luck to all youse guys and all youse gals who is leaving this here school, and until the next time, when possibly we may meet again, think of North and her swell teams and keep and old Alma Mater always in yo schemes.

-:- -:- Jokes -:- -:-

"Doc" Brown (looking at the part in Tom Ryan's hair): "What's this, the grand canyon?"

Tom Ryan: "What's it to you!'

"Doc" Brown: "Look! There goes a bus over the canyon."

Mr. Alexander: "Why do you sign your math papers 'May West'?"

Student: "I done 'em wrong."

Miss Bain: "George Orr!"

George: "Just call me 'Fred'."

Miss Bain: "People at China are packed in like sardines in a big can."

INTERIOR WORK

Breathless: "Hear about Kack? He swallowed a camera film."

Thoughtless: "Gosh, I hope nothing serious develops."

THE BLOW HARD

She: "Are you really on the football team? What position do you play?"

He: "Well, I do the air work."

She: "Oh, you're the forward passer, is that it?"

He: "Well no, I blow up the footballs."

WAS HE PERTURBED?

Albert: "What sort of a grade does Joe expect to get on his Latin final? Is he worried?"

Filbert: "Worried is right. Why, he's got so many wrinkles in his forehead he has to screw his hat on."

THE LATIN FOR IT

The examination read: "Give the principal parts of any Latin verb."

One none too bright student unable to give a correct answer wrote: "Slippo, sloppere, falli, bumptus."

The paper came back, corrected, with these words: "Failo, failere, fluncto, suspendum."

They built a swimming pool for the "nuts" up at the Insane Asylum and they had so much fun diving in it that now they're going to put "water" in it.

THE SAMPLE WAS GOOD

"And you don't know anything about religion?" inquired the new missionary.

"Well, we got a little taste of it when the last missionary was here," replied the cannibal chieftain.

HEY! HEY!

Teacher: Gordon, what would you suggest to bring back prosperity?"

Gordon: "The horse, sir. Bring back the horse and the country will be stabilized."

BOYS WILL GROW-UP

Freshman: "Mama, may I go out tonight?"

Sophomore: "Going out tonight, Mother. Home at ten."

Junior: "Going out tonight, Dad."

Senior: "G'night, Dad. I'll bring in the milk."

WEAPONLESS AND ALONE

The high school sophomore's father was away. That night, late, his mother heard a sound down stairs.

"I'll go down," he said, "and if it's a burglar I'll scare him away. This will be a battle of brains."

"No, son," said his mother. "You mustn't go down unarmed."

THE SPORT MODEL ZOO

A balky mule has four-wheeled brakes,
A billy goat has bumpers,
A firefly has a bright spotlight,
Rabbits are puddle jumpers,
Camels have balloon tired feet,
And carry spares of what they eat.
But still I think that nothing beats,
The kangaroos with rumble seats.

DRAMA IN THREE ACTS

Act I—Captain Cook.

Act II—Captain Cook and the Cannibals.

Act III—Captain cooked.

There was a young fellow named Joyce,
Who thought he had a good voice,
But when he did sing,
Tears he did bring,
To people who wished to rejoice.

There was a young lady named Hayes,
Who walked around in a daze,
Tho' she remained in a swirl,
We grew fond of this girl,
But we never got used to her ways.

There was a young girl named Clare,
Who never had a care,
She never worried,
She never hurried,
That little miss from Montclair.

There was a young fellow named Young,
Who always used his tongue,
He never said much,
But got into "Dutch,"
By all of the chatter he slung.

There was a young lady named Watt,
Who was once put on a spot,
She tried to skip school,
Which is breaking a rule,
And now she's tied up like a knot.

James Young, 10-6.

Cast for "Varsity Follies"

Orchestra, "The Varsitonians"—Reggie Leith, drummer; Joe Costello, pianist; Clarence Stevens, trumpeter; Herb Tourry, trombonist; Eddie Hall and Russ Carlson, saxophonists.
Waiter—George Bailey.
Couples—Richard Cooke (boy) and George Mitchell (girl); Harold Lindquist (boy) and Joseph Dowling (girl).
Master of Ceremonies—Frank Browne.
Chorus—Tom Ryan, Arlon Hussey, Joe McWeeny, Al Edson, Bill Morrison, Fenton Powers, Arthur Nelson, James Fay, Paul Reilly, Walter Bryan, Russ Urquhart, Phil Leadbetter.
Leading Lady—Bill Feurtado.
Specialty Numbers:
Dance—Wendell Butterfield.
Harmonica—David Colligan.
Ukelele—Bill Hill.
Carioca—Paul "Nobby" Reilly and Tom "Peanuts" Ryan.
Solo—(Wagon Wheels) — Walter "Cap" Bryan (assisted by Mr. Howland of faculty).
Cartoon—Vernon Jensen.
Saxophone—Eddie Hall.
Song—Frank Browne.
Recitation—Ned Assmus.

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